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THE RECENT FLOODS: A DOMESTIC ADVENTURE.

The friends of our Artist, living at Harrold, in Bedfordshire, describe their experiences in the following extract from a letter: "By nine o'clock we had all the furniture upstairs, the river gradually rising. About ten o'clock the boat was brought into the hall. We climbed from the banisters to the boat, and were rowed to the village. By three o'clock the river was as high as the dining-room window-sills."

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There are some things which it is generally understood should be respectfully treated, however unworthy of respect they may have been. One of them is one's old school. We may have been bullied or starved there, but it is not "good form" to confess it. To say a word against the place where we have perhaps passed the most miserable years of our existence is held to be a breach of confidence. Who reveals its shortcomings is likened to a bird that fouls its own nest. This has caused many an Augean stable (for colts) to escape the broom, and the sentiment is as strong as ever. It is permitted, however, for aged persons in their autobiographies to narrate their educational experiences; those old, unhappy, far-off things seem to belong to another world—except to those who remember them. In Sir William Gregory's recent book we have a picture of a public school in his time bearing every mark of truth about it. It was Harrow "sixty years since" or so. He came there with a considerable knowledge of French and Italian; he left it having forgotten both. He had beforehand been thoroughly grounded in arithmetic; but when he came away he had lost the power of doing a rule-of-three sum. Nothing was taught but Latin and Greek, and that in a dry and unattractive way. They used the Eton Grammar written in crabbed Latin. "Our time both in and out of school was wasted in writing silly Latin verses. . . . We were not asked to think in our language, or to write it with vigour and correctness." This must have been a wretched curriculum for any boy, but how intolerable for one of exceptional intelligence! There was such a boy at Harrow at that time. It is curious how closely Sir William's recollections of Anthony Trollope as a schoolfellow corroborate the novelist's own account of his boy-life: "He was not only the most slovenly and dirty boy I ever met, but his work was equally dirty. His exercises were a mass of blots and smudges. . . . His faults were external; all the rest of him was right enough. I thought him an honest, brave fellow; but his faults were of that character for which schoolboys never make allowance. He gave no sign of promise whatever, and was regarded as an incorrigible dunce." What heightens the pity of it, Trollope's father was paying money he could ill spare in order to give him a classical education. The notion that when a parent had done this he had made provision for his offspring was much more universal at that time than it is now. It was really supposed that lads were thereby made fit for the battle of life. How bitterly many a father has repented of having made such an investment, and still more bitterly his son! These matters have of late years been much amended, but it is strange how many an old fellow still remains to stick to the old ways and boast of their very shortcomings—

They win
A glory from their being far,
And orb into the perfect star:
We saw not when we moved therein.

The at-one-time popular error that a public school was of practical utility to men in later life from the acquaintances formed there is now almost exploded, but while the belief lasted it did them good service. The son of a man who has made himself and his money may, of course, get earlier acquainted with men of rank by going, for example, to Eton; but nowadays money has such influence that this advantage, if it be such, would be gained sooner or later in any case. The sending a boy whose people are of small means to such a school, with the object (as used often to be the case) of gaining good connections which may help him in maturer life, is found to be a failure. The ways of the two classes diverge too widely when their school time is over; and boy friendships are very dissoluble. School time has been called a microcosm of the great world, but the little and the great worlds are, in fact, very different. During a long experience I have only known two cases in which a promise of this kind has blossomed into performance.

The University offers many more examples of it, but character is by that time more mature, and intimacies contracted there are much more lasting. However different may be their future positions in life, men who have been college friends together remain to some extent on the same plane. They do not even necessarily lose sight of one another, as almost always happens to schoolfellows who, meeting at long intervals, find the dropped stitch of companionship cannot be picked up again, and the man himself an altogether different being from him they knew as a boy.

As it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, so when floods take place they do not damp everybody's spirits. The Eton boys, for example—all "wet bobs" for the moment—have gone home till the waters subside. No doubt they think this state of things even more providential than the measles, that ailment which, involving the least amount of danger and the greatest amount of infection, is the cause of more holidays than the saints. How delightful it must have been to them to depart in punts instead of flies, leaving their *alma mater*, like another Venice, with six feet of water at "my tutor's"! Floods are like gout, and, though serious enough to those who

suffer from them, afford a certain humorous satisfaction to the thoughtless beholders. The thousands who left town, we read, to see "the waters out," no doubt thought it an interesting spectacle; they found themselves in the Lake District in half an hour. Of that kind of fun, indeed, which consists of a sense of incongruity, they must have had plenty; the most notable example of it, perhaps, being the spectacle of the gentleman in Kingston High Street fishing from a punt tied to a lamppost, an incident which will be remembered in the vicinity long after much more serious events have been forgotten. Of the wide-spread devastation caused by what may well be called "the devouring element" we shall by the time these lines are read have heard only too much. Still, the catastrophes will not be so wholesale as they were in old times from the same source; the means of locomotion, and therefore of escape, are now much more numerous. Nevertheless, in out-of-the-way parts of the country there will, no doubt, have been some terrible situations.

Of all narrations of floods in this country none approaches in interest that of the floods in Moray, where the waters of the Pindhorn and the Spey rose, it is said, fifty feet. One family is described as being "huddled together on a spot of ground a few feet square, some forty or fifty yards below their inundated dwelling. The farmer was sometimes standing, sometimes sitting on a small cask, and, as the beholders fancied, watching with intense anxiety the progress of the flood, and trembling for every large tree that it brought sweeping past them. His wife, covered with a blanket, sat shivering on a bit of a log, one child in her lap, and a girl of about seventeen and a boy of about twelve years of age leaning against her side. A bottle and a glass on the ground, near the men, gave the spectators, as it had doubtless given him, some degree of comfort. About a score of sheep were standing around, or wading or swimming in the shallows. Three cows and a small horse, picking at a broken rick of straw that seemed to be half-a-float, were also grouped with the family." The brave fellows who put off to their rescue were themselves capsized, and only preserved from drowning by a floating hay-rick upon which they climbed. Though it is to be hoped that no such terrible incidents will now have to be recorded, the very progress of science—not to mention the general ignorance of danger and discomfort—makes flood time to be dreaded more than of old. In many places, for example, the gas-works have been inundated, and the darkness on the face of the unaccustomed deep has infinitely increased its horror.

The recent operation in newspaper-selling by some golden, or gilt, youth, described as "very fashionably attired under his workaday raiment," will not, let us hope, produce many imitators. The sensation caused by his sitting down to dinner in the same café where he had been retailing his penny wares is spoken of as intense, and reminds one of the excitement of the populace when Lord Muntahd persuaded them that his vehicle was the mail. It should comfort the souls of the Anti-Gambling League that this effort to resuscitate "the wager" was of so feeble and unoriginal a kind. In old days there was nothing more common than bets of this foolish description, on which huge sums were made to depend. Most of them were condescensions to the street, such as the selling of so many sovereigns fresh from the Mint for a penny apiece on London Bridge. It is recorded, by the way, that within the time agreed upon only one was disposed of, which would seem to prove that folks in those days were not so credulous as at present. A more singular wager was that made by one Corbet, a gentleman of fortune near Shrewsbury, that his leg was the handsomest in the kingdom. He won the bet, and a picture at the family mansion represents the process of measuring the legs of the various candidates. Vanity of this kind was not the motive with Heidegger, Master of the Revels to George II. He plumed himself upon being the most hideous of human beings, and wagered heavily against any rival being found to dispute the palm with him. An old woman, however, was discovered in St. Giles's whom the judges thought to be uglier, till he pulled her bonnet off and put it on, when his superior charms were at once admitted. There were many wagers made concerning the chances of life of eminent personages who were peculiarly exposed to be the mark for assassins. "One of these was an action brought at the York Assizes in 1812 by the Rev. B. Gilbert against Sir Mark M. Sykes, Bart. At a dinner-party in his own house the latter, in the course of a conversation on the hazard to which the life of Bonaparte was exposed, had offered, on receiving a hundred guineas, to pay a guinea a day as long as Napoleon should remain alive. Mr. Gilbert suddenly closed with the proposal, sent the hundred guineas to the baronet, and the latter continued to pay the clergyman a guinea a day for nearly three years. At last he declined to pay any longer, and an action was brought to enforce the fulfilment of the obligation." It was carried on with varying success, but eventually decided on appeal in favour of the defendant, "the Judges finding that such a wager was illegal, from its tendency to produce public mischief, as, on the one hand, a temptation might be induced to plot the assassination of Bonaparte,

any suspicion of which ought to be carefully guarded against by the nation at large."

There are some feats of human intelligence so extraordinary and inexplicable that even when we ourselves witness them they appear incredible. Chief among these are feats of memory, for many of us share more or less in the gift, and are therefore better enabled to judge of the exceeding difficulty of their performance. We might be able to repeat "How the waters come down at Lodore," or even "Marmion," without an error, but that only made Mr. Brandram's performances the more astonishing to us. It used to make one positively nervous to hear him recite "Twelfth Night," with its short sentences and frequent changes of speakers, lest he should confuse one with the other; and though he never did so we were conscious that a similar perfection was utterly out of our reach. But what was Brandram, as regards feats of memory, compared with a man who can take a newspaper of to-day and after once perusing it, repeat every word of it, from start to finish! Yet this marvel has, we read, been accomplished by a Mr. Crawford in the case of the *Globe*, the whole contents of which for that day he repeated without mistake. The more one thinks about it the more incredible it appears. Does the poor man forget it all afterwards, or does cruel Fate compel him to remember for ever and ever the contents of a newspaper? If so, where in the pigeon-holes of his memory does he find room for it? Not the British Museum itself has such an extent of accommodation. The miracle, indeed, has been wrought before. Lord Macaulay is said to have accomplished something of the same kind in private; but such amateur performances are not to be judged by the same standard as those given in public, where every member of the audience is on the *qui vive* for an error. Years ago there was a strolling player at Edinburgh of the name of William Lyon who had an astonishing memory. He one evening made a bet of a bowl of punch that at the rehearsal next morning he would repeat the whole of the *Daily Advertiser* from beginning to end. "This task," we are told, "he accomplished without making the slightest error, through all the varieties of advertisements, price of stocks, domestic and foreign news, accidents, offences, and law intelligence." It is probable, however, that the *Daily Advertiser* of that date was a much less voluminous paper than the *Globe* of to-day, nor is it stated that Lyon only had one perusal of it. Dr. Macklin reports of another man who performed a similar feat, that on being complimented on his success he replied: "Oh, that's nothing; wait till you hear me repeat it backwards!" and he accordingly did so, "beginning at the imprint and ending at the title." As regards his second assertion poor Dr. Macklin was not believed, but for my part I do not see why a man with the ability to repeat the contents of a newspaper should not be able to repeat it backwards; the difference, when such magical powers exist at all, seems to be only in degree. It must be remembered that almost all so-to-speak amateur performances in mnemonics are in verse, in which the memory is aided both by the metre and the rhyme. To repeat notices and advertisements demands much greater effort, if, indeed, there is any effort required at all. The feat seems beyond preparation of any kind.

What detracts from the interest of an exhibition of feats of memory is that after a time it palls upon the spectator. After a few minutes the quoting of a newspaper—and the more so the more perfectly the task is accomplished—becomes as tedious as the reading of it straight through aloud would be. It is, therefore, doubtful whether gifts of this kind, however rare, can be made remunerative. At the same time there is a great capacity for being bored in a good many people. The most remarkable instance of this, accompanied with the extremest courtesy, is to be found in the history of "The Reign of Terror." M. Brogie, only two hours before the fatal knife fell on him, and while he was expecting the cart to take him to execution every moment, listened while M. Vigne, an author and fellow prisoner, read to him one of his works: he took out his watch and said, "My hour approaches. I do not know whether I shall have time enough left me to hear you out. No matter, go on till they send for me." This was probably high-bred civility, but if the work was very dull, it might have been the means of making death seem less unwelcome.

An advertiser in a daily paper requires a governess, "Liberal in politics," for a girl of ten. This must indeed be an advanced young person. Instead of "the three R's" and the use of the globes, one pictures her eager mind being nourished on the advantages of the Employers' Liability Act and the evils of contracting out. It is the first example we have known of such very early training in the service of Government. Even Miss Martineau did not venture on politics till her mind became much more mature. One may well be curious to know what effect this taking time so very much by the forelock will have upon the subject of this experiment. Will she be a platform orator at fifteen, a female Labour candidate at one-and-twenty, and a member of the Cabinet at thirty? In the meantime, one may very confidently predict that there will be no very serious struggle on the part of the young gentlemen of her acquaintance for the privilege of taking her in to dinner.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The story of "The Wife of Dives" is a game of cross-purposes. Dives is a coarse and vulgar moneylender, who gives his wife diamond necklaces worth ten thousand pounds at one minute, and boxes her ears the next. I can conceive any woman loathing such a man, and wishing in her heart she had not jilted the only man she ever loved, who is now engaged to be married to her intimate friend—a silly noodle of a girl, the passion of whose life is skirt-dancing. Two serious events occur in the Dives household. First of all, Dives the moneylender tries to kiss his wife's skirt-dancing friend; and secondly, the man to whom this silly little thing is engaged is desperately in need of ready money. He does not go to Dives, as he might have done after the incident of the attempted kiss, and obtain a loan on moderate interest. But his fiancée goes to Mrs. Dives, who with superb magnanimity gives her rival her ten thousand pound diamond necklace in order to get her old lover out of some financial scrape. Dives determines to be revenged on the dancing girl for refusing to kiss him. So when he discovers that his wife has lost her necklace, he accuses her little friend of stealing it, and gives her into custody. Mark the absurdity of this. If the wife, who had given the jewels to her friend to pawn, had charged her with theft, the incident would have been dramatic. But the husband, who has beaten his wife, makes the charge, which the wife could have blown to the winds in two seconds. For all that, the wife keeps silence, and by her silence implies that her friend is a thief instead of a mere go-between. So the girl is arrested, and sentenced to three years' penal servitude; her lover and future husband breaks his heart; Dives chuckles over the lost kiss and his revenge; and Mrs. Dives blows her brains out.

Why, oh why, is all this done? Why does not Mrs. Dives revenge herself on her brutal husband for slapping her face? Why, if she has been magnanimous enough to give the jewels, which by the Married Woman's Property Act belong to her, does she not own up to her husband and risk another slap? Well, I cannot say, nor can Mr. S. X. Courte tell me, I am sorry to say, although he is a clever young writer, and will give us a far better play by and by—which is easily said. Whether we like the play or not, whatever vexation or irritability it may contain for the casual spectator, it gave some really fine acting moments to two or three experienced artists. The passionate energy of Mr. Charles Glenney is well shown in his conflict with a pure and an unholy love. This actor has the true nervous force. Miss Olga Brandon is another of this excellent school of artists who feels the character she plays. She is in it heart and soul. Her tears are real tears, her emotions are real emotions. What a pity that an artist like Miss Olga Brandon cannot get a part worthy of her great talent! She has more of it, far more of it, than many of her overpraised dramatic companions; but since her wonderful Vashti Dethic she has been allowed to drift. In this play she works desperately hard; but though no living actress could give interest to such a woman, we see here a real artist. Mr. Anson also played remarkably well; and a delightful addition to our list of clever light comedians is made in Mr. Cosmo Stuart, who is evidently a man of birth and breeding. The voice tells that story in half a minute. Mr. Stuart is clearly an observant man of the world. He lives in a cynical age, but his is refined cynicism, not the cynicism of the vulgarian and the clown. The cynical snob, the impudent purveyor of personalities dressed up as a Mr. Merryman, is such a very different individual from the cynical gentleman, who would sooner die than wear a green carnation, knowing, as a man of the world, the origin of this revolting fashion.

The complete success of "The Shop-Girl" at the Gaiety has convinced me of two fallacies. The first is the error that certain managers make who from the platform of a literary theatre look with disdain on the theatres of variety, and strive to make the public believe that no existing theatre is contaminated with the taint of variety or music-hall. The second is the Archerian dictum that "amusement-seekers have so entirely lost their sense of responsibility that they will tolerate almost anything." It pleases the high-class managers to wash their hands of obnoxious "variety," forgetting that the best half of the theatres in London are mere variety shows. The fact is that neither the managers who are sincere in their love for their art nor writers on public amusement like Mr. Archer look very far beyond their noses. They do not look into the matter or examine for themselves. Mr. Beerbohm Tree has told us that a music-hall is no more like a theatre than a theatre is like a church. But if music-halls are not like theatres, theatres are becoming uncommonly like music-halls. They are recruited from music-halls, they give music-hall entertainments, and on the mere question of vulgarity and degradation of art I really cannot see there are many pins to choose between them. At Christmas we shall see the whole of the theatrical entertainments of London recruited from the music-hall. I doubt not that as last year, so now, the sacred Lyceum will harbour more than one artist who has done a turn at the halls. The Gaiety from time immemorial has harboured music-hall artists, to the great advantage of the Gaiety. I cannot see who has suffered by the appearance there of Kate Vaughan, Phyllis Broughton, Millie Hylton, or Ada Reeve, or countless others who could be mentioned. But Mr. Archer, who always speaks *ex cathedra*, says that it is a fact beyond dispute that things are permitted to pass on the burlesque stage which twenty years ago would have been thought impossible. I cannot see any evidence of it whatever, and I know that on the first night of "The Shop-Girl" it was the stern voice of the gallery boys that put down allusions that savoured of the indecent. The "censorship of the public voice" has never in all my experience failed; but do Mr. Archer or his friends ever ask themselves how very much more frequently the censorship of the public voice would have to be exercised if the Examiner of

Stage Plays had not used his blue pencil in the first instance? We don't want to turn our theatres into bear-gardens, as they would be if plays were edited in the first instance in the gallery and not in the study. Mr. Archer is perfectly right when he says that no Examiner is infallible, and that, with the best intentions in the world, he is at the mercy of artists who gag and introduce extra verses and unforeseen dances. But what would the condition of the theatre have been if all the plays that have passed through Mr. Pigott's hands had been acted as they were written? Why, we should have had uproar after uproar. And Mr. Archer seems to forget that this "censorship of the public voice" has to be applied to very admirable but curious plays, hitherto acted in private, that he especially favours, as well as the mere everyday vulgar burlesque. I have some doubts if those same gallery critics who resent indelicacy in a burlesque would ever tolerate what is suspiciously like blasphemy and irreverence and brutal cynicism in plays of the advanced school. This public censorship, in the first instance, by gallery and pit has its dangers as well as the present system. As a question of expediency, order, and the avoidance of riot, I prefer to have dramatic literature edited by a competent scholar and a man of the world like Mr. Pigott, and then passed or rejected by the public. So far as I can see, there is no rhetorical flourish in this, but as much literal veracity as I can give to the subject.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE PRINCESS BISMARCK.

The illustrious German statesman whose personality continues to exercise a strongly felt influence among his countrymen, and to command regard in other nations, will



THE LATE PRINCESS BISMARCK.

have the sympathy of all, even in France, upon the occasion of his domestic bereavement. The good wife he has just lost, Princess Bismarck, was seventy years of age, having been born on April 11, 1824, and they had been united forty-seven years, since July 28, 1847. She was the Jungfrau Johanna Frederica Charlotte Eleonora Dorothea von Puttkamer, of Viertlum, Pomerania, an only daughter of an old landowning, but not ennobled, family. It is well known that Prince Bismarck has found support and comfort, under all the cares and troubles and disappointments of public life, in the companionship of this excellent lady. She has been the mistress of his household wherever he was called by official duties to reside: at Frankfort or at St. Petersburg, as Prussian Ambassador; or at Berlin, as Minister or Imperial Chancellor; or at his paternal mansion of Schönhausen, or at Varzin, or at Friedrichsruh. Her children are the Countess Rantzau and the Counts Herbert and William von Bismarck. The Princess was, though a woman of strong religious feeling, lively in disposition, sometimes witty, fond of music, and a good pianoforte player. She had studied medicine enough to be qualified, in her visits of charity among the sick poor of a country neighbourhood, to do a little good before the doctor was sent for. Her husband's published letters contain many references to their mutual attachment, and expressions of his grateful esteem for the partner in life whom he has now lost; he is nine years older than she was.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE CZAR.

The prolonged series of incidents, beginning at Livadia, on the shore of the Crimea, on Nov. 7, and terminating at St. Petersburg on Nov. 19, which attended the removal of the body of Alexander III., its lying in state at Moscow, and its reception in the modern capital of Russia, where it was finally consigned to the tomb in the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, have been related with sufficient detail. The new Emperor, Nicholas II., accompanied by his mother the widowed Empress, his betrothed, the Grand Duchess Alexandra Feodorovna (Princess Alix of Hesse), the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other

kindred friends, travelled by the same special train from Sebastopol to Moscow and from Moscow to St. Petersburg. Anarchist conspirators being especially the object of extreme precautions in Russia, the railway line was everywhere guarded by soldiers, the number of whom, altogether, must have amounted to that of a small army. The funeral train, as we all know, arrived safely at St. Petersburg, and the bier was conveyed, with an imposing street procession, to the fortress, and to the church within its precincts, where the Czars have been laid since Peter the Great. There, having lain some days in state, the mortal remains of Alexander III. were let down into the grave; his son, the new Czar, as chief mourner, with all the imperial family and their relatives, visitors from other Courts, paying the last tribute of affectionate regret.

THE WEDDING OF THE NEW CZAR.

On Monday, Nov. 26, in the chapel of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, the Emperor Nicholas II. of Russia was married to the Grand Duchess Alexandra Feodorovna, Princess Alix of Hesse, granddaughter of Queen Victoria. This day was chosen partly as the birthday of his mother, the widowed Empress; but it had been the dying wish of his father, the late Emperor Alexander III., that the wedding should take place as soon as possible, and this was almost the last hour, before the commencement of the religious fast in preparation for Advent, which began in the afternoon of that day, Nov. 26. Under the circumstances, being so soon after the funeral of the late Czar, these nuptials were not accompanied by any signs of public festivity. Soon after eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the Emperor Nicholas, the Empress Dowager, the King of Denmark, the King and Queen of Greece, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the new Czar, as chief mourner, with all the imperial family and their relatives, visitors from other Courts, paying the last tribute of affectionate regret, drove from the Anitchkoff Palace to the Winter Palace. The bride, with her friends and the bridesmaids or ladies of honour, came about the same time from the palace of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Serge. The interior of the Winter Palace was full of splendid company, especially the Nicholas Hall, the Hall of St. George, the Field-Marshal's Hall, the Hall of Escutcheons, and the Concert Hall, thronged with a grand assembly of persons gorgeously and variously attired. A procession was formed to conduct the bride and bridegroom from the Malachite Chamber through the State apartments. They walked together, the Emperor in a red Hussar uniform, the bride in silver brocade, with a diamond crown, a veil, a mantle, and a long train carried by four Court dignitaries. At the threshold of the chapel they were received by the Metropolitan Archbishop of St. Petersburg, with other Bishops and clergy. The ceremonies performed at the altar, after reciting the Litany, consisted of the putting on and exchanging of rings, three times repeated; the holding of golden crowns, adorned with medallion portraits of Christ and the Virgin Mary, over the heads of the bride and bridegroom; and the kissing of the sacred pictures. The prescribed questions, including this, "Have you ever promised yourself to any other woman?" or, in the question addressed to the bride, "any other man?" were duly answered. When the marriage service had been concluded the procession went back, with the Czar and new Empress at its head, the Empress Dowager and the King of Denmark next, to the private apartments, but soon afterwards left the Winter Palace, returning to the Anitchkoff Palace. Their Imperial Majesties stay there until they go to Czarskoe Selo.

THE NEW SCHOOL BOARD FOR LONDON.

The election of the London School Board, for three years, took place on Thursday, Nov. 22. It was eagerly contested by the two conflicting parties: that of the "Moderates," supporters of the late Board, of which Mr. J. R. Diggle was chairman; and that of the "Progressives," led by the Hon. Lyulph Stanley. The latter, as the Opposition party, besides alleging that the former had conducted the administration without liberality or due regard to the wants of the people of London, found great fault with the circular recently addressed to the school teachers, at the instance of Mr. Athelstan Riley, warning them against Unitarian views of religious doctrine. The number of persons to be elected to form the new Board was fifty-five—namely, four for the City of London, five for Chelsea, six for Finsbury, five for Westminster, seven for Marylebone (including Hampstead), four for Greenwich, four for Southwark, five for Hackney, four for East Lambeth, six for West Lambeth, five for the Tower Hamlets. There were ninety candidates, of whom twenty-five were not recognised as belonging to either of the two organised rival parties above described. The result is that of the Moderates twenty-nine have been returned, and of the Progressives twenty-six, so that Mr. Diggle and his party return to the Board with an extremely narrow majority. Forty members of the late Board have been re-elected. At the last election the Moderate party numbered thirty-four and the Progressives nineteen, there being one Independent and one Roman Catholic; upon that occasion, the total Progressive vote was 391,726, and the Moderate vote 470,915. The total poll at the present election was 1,606,788, divided as follows: Progressives, 817,632; Moderates, 671,734; Independents, 36,088; Catholics, 42,931; Socialists, 38,383. At three previous elections the total Moderate vote ranged from 468,000 to 471,000, while the Progressive vote increased from 261,000 to 391,000, numbers upon which both parties have made a very substantial advance. But the Progressives, now polling 145,898 votes more than the Moderates, have gained six seats at the Board. Members of these parties are distinguished by the initials "P" and "M" appended to their names beneath the portraits of sixteen of those elected upon the present occasion. One "Independent" candidate has been returned.



FUNERAL OF CZAR ALEXANDER III.: MILITARY GUARDING THE RAILWAY LINE FROM MOSCOW TO ST. PETERSBURG.

From a Sketch by M. Amato.

THE NEW SCHOOL BOARD FOR LONDON.



Photo by Lombardi.
MR. CYRIL JACKSON (M.), TOWER HAMLETS, 35,049.



Photo by Russell and Sons.
MR. J. R. DIGGLE (M.), MARYLEBONE, 31,135.

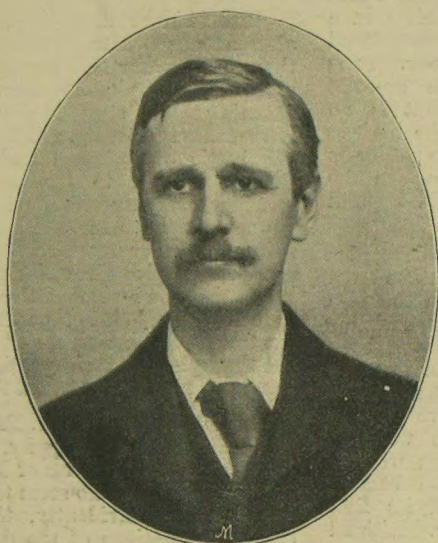


Photo by Alfred Ellis.
MR. GRAHAM WALLAS (P.), HACKNEY, 24,417.



Photo by Leslie Shawcross.
VISCOUNT MORPETH (P.), CHELSEA, 27,502.

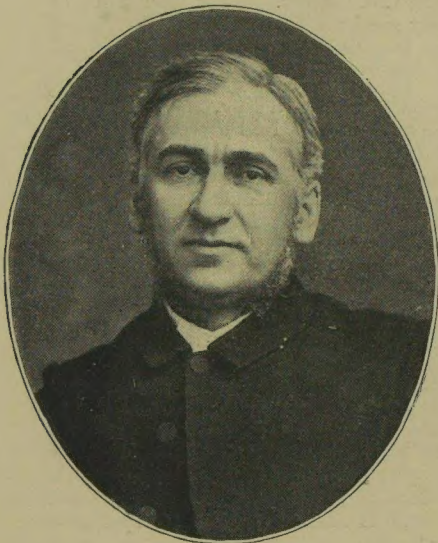


Photo by Russell and Sons.
REV. J. COXHEAD (M.), MARYLEBONE, 38,029.



Photo by Maull and Fox.
MISS R. DAVENPORT-HILL (P.), THE CITY, 18,932.

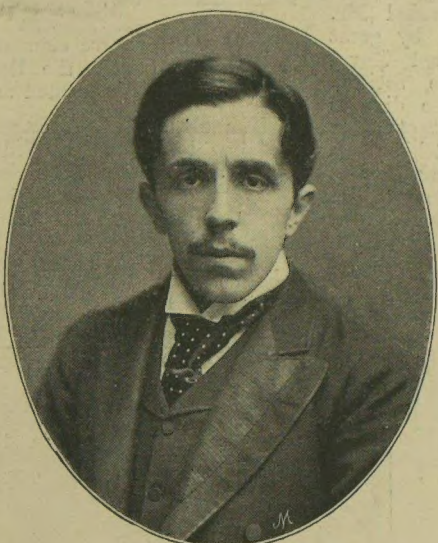


Photo by Russell and Sons.
THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE (M.), THE CITY, 10,008.

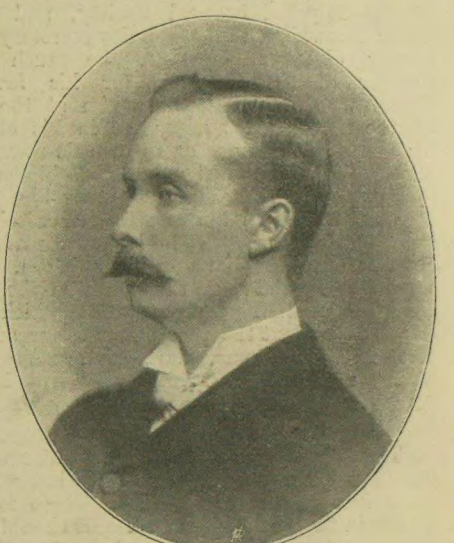


Photo by Elliott and Fry.
MR. ATHELSTAN RILEY (M.), CHELSEA, 22,138.

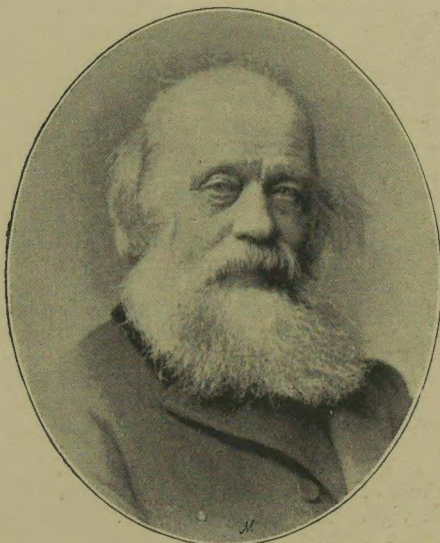


Photo by Elliott and Fry.
REV. DR. J. ANGUS (P.), MARYLEBONE, 46,093.



Photo by Maull and Fox.
MRS. EMMA KNOX MAITLAND (P.), CHELSEA, 30,046.

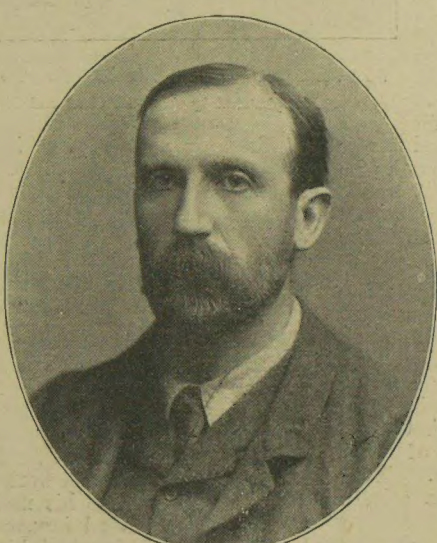


Photo by Walter Davey.
REV. A. W. OXFORD (P.), WESTMINSTER, 13,619.

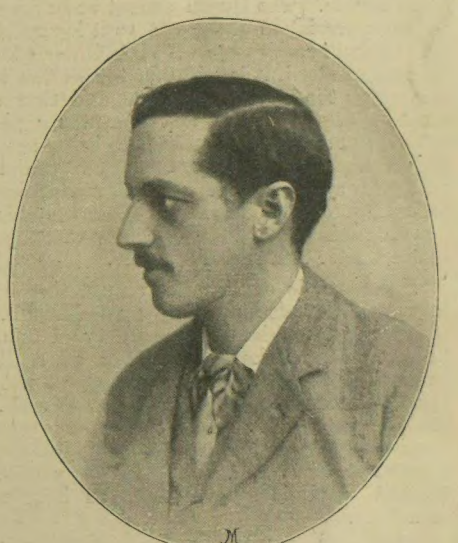


Photo by W. and D. Downey.
MR. T. J. MACNAMARA (P.) WEST LAMBETH, 48,255.



Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.
MR. HENRY GOVER (P.), GREENWICH, 31,072.

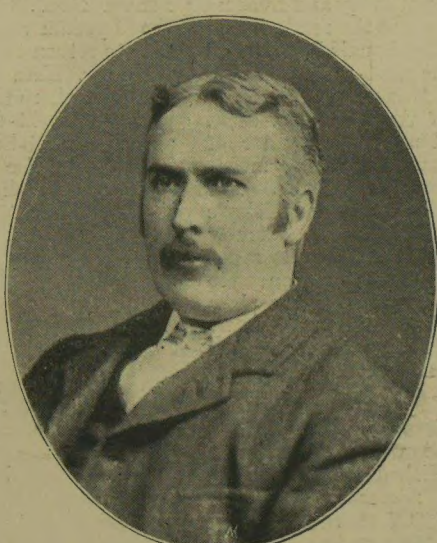


Photo by Maull and Fox.
MR. J. C. HOROBIN (P.), HACKNEY, 36,345.

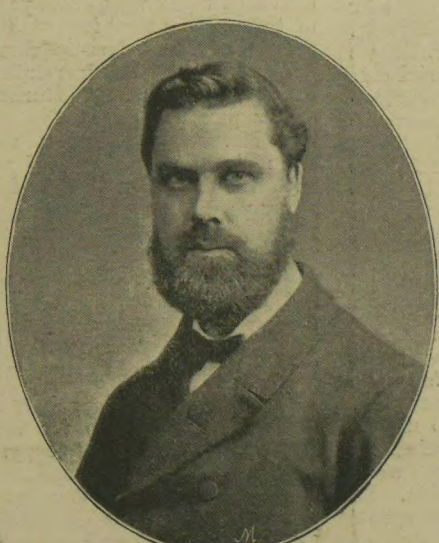


Photo by Maull and Fox.
REV. W. C. BOWIE (P.), SOUTHWARK, 10,837.

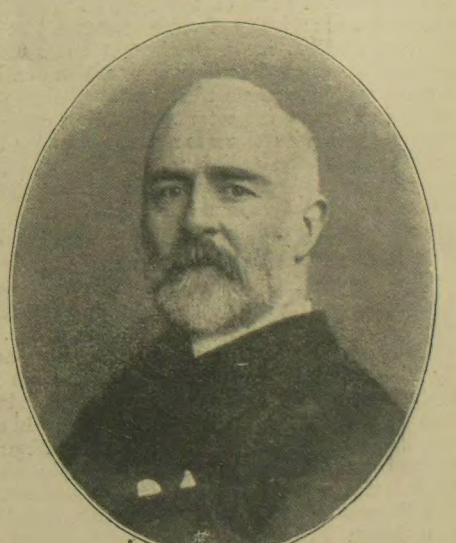


Photo by Elliott and Fry.
MR. G. C. WHITELEY (P.), EAST LAMBETH, 21,260.

PERSONAL.

The most significant feature of the new régime in Russia is the intrepidity of the Czar. Alexander III. lived for years in an ornamental prison. He was in constant peril. Several attempts were made on his life, and he frequently received threatening letters which penetrated all the safeguards that surrounded him. His successor walks about the streets of St. Petersburg unattended, and drives in a victoria without an escort. The whole atmosphere of dread and suspicion seems to have vanished like a vapour. It is said that these proceedings have excited the greatest amazement in the Russian official world. That is no wonder, but the effect on the people is in the highest degree encouraging. Even the severity of the police is relaxed, and the many acts of clemency with which the Czar has begun his reign make the whole world hopeful for the "new era" in Russia.

The Gibbon Commemoration, to which we devoted a special Supplement lately, receives an added pathos from the death of the man to whose brilliant genius the idea was due. Mr. Patrick Edward Dove was a remarkable man in many ways, his greatest interests having been historical research and bagpipe music. To him was due the Domesday Celebration in 1886. He arranged the exhibition and the meetings, and he edited the two volumes that resulted from the commemoration. He was the originator of the Selden Society, and drew out so well its lengthy initial circular. For that society he became honorary secretary and treasurer, and edited its first volume, "Select Pleas of the Crown," which Mr. Maitland compiled. He it was who discovered the humorous drawing on an ancient deed that formed its frontispiece. Mr. Dove had been for years secretary of the Royal Historical Society, and editor of its volumes since Dr. Rogers ceased to act in that capacity. He started the Cambridge Branch of the Royal Historical Society, and persuaded Mr. Oscar Browning to become its secretary, and by great energy obtained, in 1889, the much desired Royal Charter of Incorporation for his favourite society. Those who only remember him at the house dinners of the Historical Society, or in his element at great historical gatherings, or in a sale-room watching the disposal of some noted volume of old Scotch music, but little knew the real man. To know him was to see him at work, to sit in his crowded, disorderly room, strewn with papers, to listen to his own performance on the bagpipe, or to see him amusing children, and then afterwards to stay and rouse the man from the woo of an overwhelming depression from which one day it is evident the poor fellow never arose. The fine, handsome, dark-eyed, nervously strong man will be greatly missed, and his place it will not be easy for any student to fill.

The Sultan is very anxious to confer upon the Queen the new Order of Intiaz, which came into existence last year. There is no reason in the world why Sovereigns should not decorate one another. It is a pleasant pastime, and promotes friendly relations. So Munir Pasha is to come to England after Christmas, bringing with him the Order of Intiaz, which, judging from all accounts, must be a handsome bauble. The Queen cannot be backward in her appreciation of the gift, so it is expected that she will reciprocate with the Order of the Garter. Indeed, it is said that the Sultan has craved for the Garter for years, and that the creation of the Intiaz last year was a piece of Oriental astuteness designed to bring the coveted Garter within his reach. What would the genial monarch who made this symbol out of a lady's garter have said to the decoration of the Paynim? Perhaps a more practical question arises out of the difficulty of adapting the Order of the Garter to Turkish costume.

Some people continue to amuse themselves by telling tales of Mr. Gladstone's return to public life. When somebody hinted to him the possibility of this, he is reported to have said, "I shouldn't wonder, after all." With just as much reason a story was set about not long ago that Mr. Gladstone intended to enter the Church. Probably he made some remark of the "shouldn't wonder" kind in the hearing of imaginative people. This is the worst of being a great and splendid figure in the world's eye. Your lightest word is spread about as if it were a solemn manifesto.

The result of the London School Board election does not seem to have dashed the spirits of Mr. Athelstan Riley. He says a majority of one would have been enough for him, and he regards a majority of three as a superfluity of strength. This is not the prevailing opinion, especially as the majority of three on the Board is counterbalanced by an enormous majority of votes at the poll on the other side. It is not credible in these circumstances that Mr. Riley's peculiar views on the religious question can be carried out. Among people to whom educational efficiency and common-sense are of more importance than the teaching of abstruse dogmas to babies there is a general desire that the Board shall revert to the policy under which reasonable religious instruction has been given in the schools since 1871. This will give our educational administrators leisure to look after the practical interests of London children instead of wrangling about theological tests.

Among the famous band of "war correspondents" who flourished during the years of European unrest none had a warmer heart nor readier pen than Mr. John Hilary Skinner. A barrister by profession, he was a journalist by instinct, and almost as soon as he was free from the restraints of term-keeping he began his adventurous life. The Danish War of 1864 first brought him into notice, and as the correspondent of the *Daily News* he raised an enthusiasm for the gallant little people which was well-nigh fatal to Lord Palmerston's last Administration. In the Franco-German War—first with the Army Corps of the Crown Prince and afterwards during the Siege of Paris—he gave brilliant and accurate accounts of the events passing round him. In 1867 he devoted himself to Crete, giving the English public a version of events in

that island differing very much from the Turkish official reports. Mr. Skinner was, in fact, an ardent Hellenic, as he had been previously an ardent Dane, and his graphic descriptions awakened a deep interest in those small nationalities. Latterly, he had to confine himself to more peaceful topics for his pen, but his energy found a vent in attempts to take part in political life.

Mr. Skinner died on Nov. 25 at Setif, in Algeria, after a long illness. It was, however, rather as a talker than as a speaker that he shone, and those who knew him will recall the pleasant hours they passed in his company listening to the story of a war correspondent's trials and rewards. He used to relate how Dr. Russell and he, after the battle of Sedan, found themselves galloping along the same road to the nearest station within Belgian territory, carrying with them the story of the collapse of the French Empire. Mr. Skinner's horse suddenly shied and refused to move, whereupon Dr. Russell called to his servant "to give Mr. Skinner a lead," and with such good result that the representatives of the *Times* and *Daily News* rode side by side into the station at Florenville, just caught the train—which both might have missed—and managed to get through with their precious "copy" to London after a rough passage from Ostend to Dover.

A statement that Mr. Frederic Villiers had perished at Port Arthur proves, happily, to be untrue. A war correspondent in the service of Reuter has been made prisoner by the Japanese, who seem to imagine that he was helping the Chinese. Evidently, the Japanese have the most elementary notions of the duties of a war correspondent. They have refused to allow any representatives of the European Press to follow their own armies, and possibly they may claim a certain justification for this policy. We have known nothing about their movements till they have struck decisive blows, and this has undoubtedly enhanced their prestige. Mystery in war, as in most human affairs, is a very impressive element when it is accompanied by success. But why the Reuter correspondent with the Chinese should be treated as a belligerent is not clear.

The Rev. William Rogers, Rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, to whom Lord Rosebery made a presentation on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday, is a striking contrast to the type of mind represented by Mr. Riley. Mr. Rogers used to be known by the sobriquet of "Hang-Theology Rogers." This was because he once used a rather graphic figure of speech to show that the interests



SILVER BOWLS PRESENTED TO THE REV. WILLIAM ROGERS.

Manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street.

of theology were of less importance than the work of education. The Rector of St. Botolph's is one of the Prime Minister's oldest friends and preceptors, and the remarkable gathering of distinguished people in honour of his birthday attested the range and character of his personal influence. The Bishop of Rochester, in describing him as "an unconventional man," wished there were more clergymen like him. That is a most revolutionary sentiment for a bishop.

The sudden and unforeseen death of Mr. Thomas Nelson Maclean, which occurred on Nov. 21, at his house in Tite Street, will cause a shock to many of his friends and associates. Born in Italy, he came to this country at an early age, and was in every way thoroughly British. After a preliminary course of study he entered the studio of Foley, the sculptor, and worked with him for many years. He then returned to his native country, and for two or three years laboured incessantly at Florence, producing much good work, in which his delicate imagination played a prominent part. His earlier work had been either portrait busts or purely classical figures, but on his return from Italy his talent took a wider range, and year after year at the Grosvenor or New Gallery he exhibited works which always displayed fancy and freedom of touch. His most important group was the rendering in marble of Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Bacchanals," exhibited last spring at the Grafton Gallery, the plaster model having been previously seen at Burlington House. It was only a few months ago, at the close of the London season, that Mr. Nelson Maclean married a granddaughter of John Linnell, the artist, and was then on his honeymoon, with the hearty wishes of his numerous friends. For many years before his marriage he had occupied Foley's rooms and studios in Bruton Street, which were generally well stocked with work or commissions, on which he spent his busy life. Mr. Maclean's claims, for some reason, were not recognised by the Royal Academy; but his place among contemporary English sculptors is not thereby belittled, and those who made study of his works recognised their solid merits of conception and execution.

The Canadian Copyright Act does not increase the charms of authorship for the scribbler in the British Islands. If he wants to copyright his work in Canada, he must have it printed, bound, and published there. Separate printing and publication are also necessary to assure the copyright in the United States. Of course, he must print and publish at home. So his more or less immortal work must pass through three incarnations if he wishes to secure himself against piracy in the North American Continent. By and by every colony may have its distinct

Copyright Act; so that the unfortunate British author will be compelled to print and publish separately in Victoria, Queensland, New South Wales, New Zealand, and so on. On the continent of Europe there is a simple international copyright law which does not exact these conditions, but our Colonies are naturally much more wide-awake to the advantages of exploiting the British author than is the innocent foreigner.

Nobody can be so sanguine now as to expect that Jabez Balfour will return to his pining countrymen within a reasonable time. The legal authorities in the Argentine have apparently decided that the decision in favour of extradition cannot take effect till a private suit against Jabez has been settled. There is a suggestion that this private suit is the first of a series, and that they are designed to keep Jabez, if possible, among his South American admirers, who are loth to part with him. We can understand this sentiment, for the more prolonged the delay in the shipment of this distinguished exile the more anxious we are for his society. Meanwhile, we cannot expect the friends of Jabez in the Argentine to be interested in the circumstance that a fresh appeal has been made for funds to relieve the victims of the Liberator.

It was Sir William Harcourt who said, "We are all Socialists now." That motto is capable of adaptation to another kind of generality. "We are all modern women now," the ladies who regale us with fiction might exclaim. At all events, there are "Seven Stories by Modern Women" in the Christmas Number of the *Lady's Pictorial*. There is also a charming picture called "Buttercups," which is obviously a delicate compliment to the "Modern Women." These ladies are Mrs. Clifford, Miss Ella Hepworth-Dixon, Miss Clara Savile-Clarke, the author of the "Yellow Aster," Miss Violet Hunt, Miss Marie Corelli, and Miss Clo. Graves. Their stories are all startling and extremely good reading. Indeed, the *Lady's Pictorial* yields the *pas* to none of the Christmas Numbers, and fully sustains its own excellent tradition.

The Royal Choral Society gave on Nov. 22 one of their customary interpretations of "Israel in Egypt," with the usual four hundred tenors and basses quarrelling over "The Lord is a man of war." Although we frankly do not like the notion of multiplying Handel's idea by two hundred, there can be no doubt that for one phrase alone it is worth while—the stately passage, we mean, beginning "Their chosen captains." This phrase is certainly improved out of recognition into something enormously impressive by the multiplication of voices, and in that fact Sir Joseph Barnby may feel inclined to find some justification for his persistence. The great choruses, for the rest, were sung with the solid sense of bulk for which the Royal Choral Society has become famous. One does not exactly leap from one's seat in accesses of frenzied applause, but for the most part one is passive. Mr. Lloyd, Miss Anna Williams, and Miss Clara Butt made themselves responsible for the few solos.

The Mottl concert of Nov. 20 at the Queen's Hall was a magnificent success from a social point of view, and almost as magnificent a success from a musical point of view. It was clear from the beginning that not another conductor in Europe could have drawn together so large and so representative a London gathering. Indeed, Herr Mottl deserves his popularity; his commanding breadth of style, his imperiously persuasive manner, his easy sense of government are qualities which he alone, perhaps, among living conductors possesses to so striking a degree. On this occasion his concert suffered a little from what looked very like an excess of nervousness on the part of his orchestra; and the first part of the programme lacked interest. Still, there was more than enough left for one's sense of pure admiration. Beethoven's "Leonora" Overture (No. 3) was given in an extremely Wagnerian manner, which—though we should hesitate to accept it finally as the proper manner—was, experimentally, extremely interesting. With Wagner, Mottl was, of course, frankly at home; and though, even here, the selection ran towards the noisier part of Wagner's work, it would be impossible to deny the splendour of the performance. Miss Marie Brema sang Brunnhilde's declamation at the close of "Götterdämmerung" with extraordinary dramatic vigour and accomplishment.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson is to play the part of Lancelot in "King Arthur" at the Lyceum in January. Mr. Irving may be congratulated heartily on having secured the only actor who is really competent to represent the character of Guinevere's knightly lover, whose "honour rooted in dishonour stood." Mr. Forbes-Robertson appeared last at the Lyceum as Buckingham in "Henry VIII." He is able to return to that theatre by virtue of an arrangement with Mr. Hare, who releases him temporarily from the Garrick, where the production of Mr. Pinero's new play is postponed. It is said that Mr. Forbes-Robertson will shortly undertake management on his own account; and if this enterprise should have the effect of enlarging the scope of his admirable qualities as an artist it will be heartily welcomed by every lover of the drama.

The Women's Trade Union Association, of which Miss Clementina Black is one of the most energetic organisers, is making a gallant attempt to improve the conditions of industrial labour among the women who have to toil for their livelihood. Another body, the Women's Trade Union League, of which Miss Mary Abraham is a moving spirit, has been working for some time on the same lines. Moreover, the Board of Trade has appointed a number of inspectors, Miss Abraham among them, for the purpose of supervising trades in which women are specially employed; and Miss Collet has been chosen by the department to collect statistics. Miss Black says this is a good beginning, but urges the necessity of appointing more inspectors, so that every factory should be visited at least three times a year. The difficulties of organising the workers are very great, but a large proportion of them are already affiliated to the Women's Trade Union League.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with Princess Beatrice and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, is at Windsor Castle; the infant Prince Edward Albert of York is with them. On Monday, Nov. 26, her Majesty gave a dinner-party in honour of the marriage of the Russian Emperor Nicholas II. to her granddaughter Princess Alix of Hesse. The Duke of Connaught, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and the Duke of Cambridge visited her Majesty next day.

The marriage of Prince Adolphus of Teck to Lady Margaret Grosvenor, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, takes place on Dec. 12 at Eaton Hall, near Chester. The Queen and all the members of the royal family have sent wedding presents.

During the distress caused by the recent floods at Windsor and Eton and in the neighbourhood, the Queen daily supplied to many poor families large quantities of soup made in the kitchens of Windsor, and distributed a number of blankets, shawls, and other articles of warm clothing.

Her Majesty on Nov. 22 received the newly appointed Field-Marshal, General Lord Wolseley and General Sir Donald Stewart, and presented to each his bâton as Field-Marshal. On the day before, the new Bishop of Bath and Wells, the Right Rev. G. W. Kennion, D.D., was presented to her Majesty by the Home Secretary.

A Cabinet Council was held on Monday, Nov. 26, attended by all the Ministers. On Wednesday there was another Cabinet Council.

The Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, Home Secretary, addressed a meeting of the Liberal party at Birmingham on Nov. 21, and on the next day; the Right Hon. James Bryce, President of the Board of Trade, spoke at Ipswich on Nov. 23; while the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain and Sir Henry James, on Nov. 22, at Heywood, near Manchester, delivered speeches at a large Unionist meeting. The Duke of Devonshire, at Barnstaple, North Devon, on Monday, Nov. 26, spoke of the political prospects, and defended the attitude of the House of Lords. At Edinburgh on Nov. 22, Lord Tweedmouth was entertained by the Scottish Liberal Association.

The Marquis of Ripon, Secretary of State for the Colonies, received on Nov. 26 a deputation from authors, publishers, and others, protesting against the Canadian legislation contrary to the Acts of the Imperial Parliament with regard to literary copyright.

The first arrival of American cotton at Manchester for this season, which was on Nov. 21, came by the Manchester Ship Canal, to the quantity of 14,000 bales, far exceeding any former cargoes. The Glasgow and Liverpool shipowners doing import business at Liverpool have asked the railway companies to reduce the freight charges between that port and Manchester.

An extension of the Arts Museum at Ancoats, Manchester, specially for the lending of photographs, drawings, and models to schools where art is taught, was opened by the Marquis of Lorne on Thursday, Nov. 22.

The London County Council, on Tuesday, Nov. 27, concluded its debate on the recommendations of the Royal Commission for the unification of local government of London. These proposals, which were, in the main, supported by the special committee of the London County Council, were opposed by Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Boulnois, on behalf of the City Corporation. Their amendment, for opening negotiations with the City Corporation upon the subject, was rejected by 74 votes against 25, and the report of the committee, declaring the unification scheme to be satisfactory, was then adopted.

The Goldsmiths' Company has made a grant of £1000 for researches in the antitoxin treatment of diphtheria, and also for having serum supplied for use among the poor. The Laboratories Committee of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons has undertaken the administration of this fund.

The St. Bride's Foundation Institute, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, was opened by the Lord Mayor on Nov. 20. It has been erected by the aid of the City Parochial Charities' Fund, with liberal donations by Mr. Passmore Edwards and the late Mr. W. Blades. It comprises technical schools for the various printing trades, a library, reading-rooms, and lecture-rooms, a hall for meetings, a gymnasium, washing and swimming baths. The art and engravings department will be assisted by the South Kensington Museum and that Government Department.

The Inspector of the Board of Trade, Major-General Hutchinson, has made his report upon the railway disaster at Ashford, in Kent, by which seven hop-pickers, in a wagon going over a level railway crossing, were killed by a passing train. He recommends certain precautions at such crossings, where an electric warning bell could be placed, to be sounded by a treadle over which the train

would run; and he finds also that the engine-driver and fireman of the train were overworked during too many hours of the day.

The coroner's inquest on the bodies of three children burnt to death in a fire on Saturday, Nov. 24, near Old Gravelpit Lane, at Limehouse, resulted in a verdict of accidental death, but the jury condemned the erection of posts at the entrance to the narrow thoroughfares as preventing the fire-escape being brought in to save their lives.

In Ireland on Sunday, Nov. 25, the anniversary of the execution of the Fenian conspirators at Manchester in 1867, Allen, O'Brien, and Larkin, was commemorated by meetings at Cork and Limerick, with violent speeches and demands for the release of all political prisoners.

The French Chamber of Deputies on Nov. 24 passed by 390 votes against 112 the general credit proposals of the Government for the expenses of the military expedition to Madagascar, reserving the discussion of matters of detail. These were passed on Nov. 26 by a less majority.

The marriage of the Czar Nicholas II. of Russia, on Monday, Nov. 26, at St. Petersburg, to the Grand Duchess Alexandra Feodorovna, Princess Alix of Hesse, is separately described on another page. On Nov. 24 his Imperial Majesty, at the Winter Palace, received loyal deputations from every province of the Russian Empire. He has issued proclamations, and granted various boons and pardons, and remission of claims due to the Government—all which seems to have a favourable effect on the prospects of the new reign.

The Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary, has had an interview with Dr. Wekerle, the Hungarian Prime Minister, and has given his assent, it is understood, to the

Kwang-tung peninsula, which is about thirty miles long, extending southward between the Gulf of Corea, to the east, and the northern basin, called Liao-tong, of the Gulf of Pe-chi-li. It commands, with the opposite naval port of Wei-hai-wei, from which it is distant about a hundred miles, the entrance into the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, on the western coast of which are the Taku forts, at the mouth of the Peiho River, and the approach to Peking. The overland route of an invading Japanese army from Corea, intending to attack Peking, would lie some two hundred miles north of Port Arthur, through Mukden, the sacred city of the Manchu imperial dynasty; but this route is hardly practicable in winter. Having the command of the sea, it is more likely that the Japanese, after capturing Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei, would transport their army to the west coast of the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, and besiege Tientsin, on the Peiho River, whence they could advance to Peking.

The military operations against Port Arthur commenced on Nov. 5, and the next day by the capture of Talienwan and Kinchow, and of the fortifications of the isthmus, seven miles wide, connecting the peninsula with the mainland. The Chinese then retired to within the fortifications of Port Arthur, forming a garrison of twenty thousand men. The Japanese, reinforced by the landing of additional troops and stores at Talienwan, moved deliberately to the southern end of the peninsula, and invested that position with superior forces, in two divisions. The Chinese ships of war undergoing repair at Port Arthur were still lying there, blockaded by the Japanese fleet outside. Some Japanese torpedo-boats, on Nov. 21, suddenly entered the harbour, to distract the attention of its defenders. At the same time a heavy artillery fire was opened against the forts on the landward side. At dawn next morning all those forts were assaulted by the Japanese troops. The fighting went on till the

afternoon, the western forts being attacked by the first division of the Japanese army, while the second division, under General Kumanoto, assailed the eastern forts. The garrisons made a strong resistance and used their Krupp guns and mortars, but the ships could take no part in the defence. In the afternoon, at two o'clock, the Japanese were in the town, and the remaining forts, to the east and along the shore, were taken in the evening or early next morning, Thursday, Nov. 22. Eighty battery guns and immense stores of ammunition and provisions, with several thousand prisoners, fell into the hands of the Japanese. It has been expected that Wei-hai-wei may shortly be attacked by a separate expedition, but this now seems more doubtful, and we should not be surprised to learn that China has yielded and that terms of peace are being arranged.

The reports brought to Cairo by Father Rossignoli, the escaped captive of the Mahdists in the Sudan, concerning their intentions and preparations, lead to the expectation of a formidable attack on the Italian garrison of Kassala by the Mahdist leader, Said Hamed, with fifteen thousand fighting men.

The Viceroy of India, Lord Elgin, visited Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, on Nov. 26, with the Commander-in-Chief, the Civil Governors of the North-Western Provinces and of Bombay. His Excellency was met by nine of the native chiefs, with great military pomp, and seventeen thousand troops were assembled in the camp.

An expedition to punish the hostile Waziri tribes of Mahsud, on the mountain frontier, is being prepared. In the fighting at Wano, on Nov. 3, when they attacked Colonel Turner's camp and the surveying party, forty-five men were killed and seventy-five wounded on the British Indian side, most of them being Ghoorka soldiers, who fought bravely. One British officer, Lieutenant Macaulay, was killed, and Lieutenants Herbert, Angelo, and Hornby, and Surgeon-Major Haig, were wounded.

NOVEMBER.

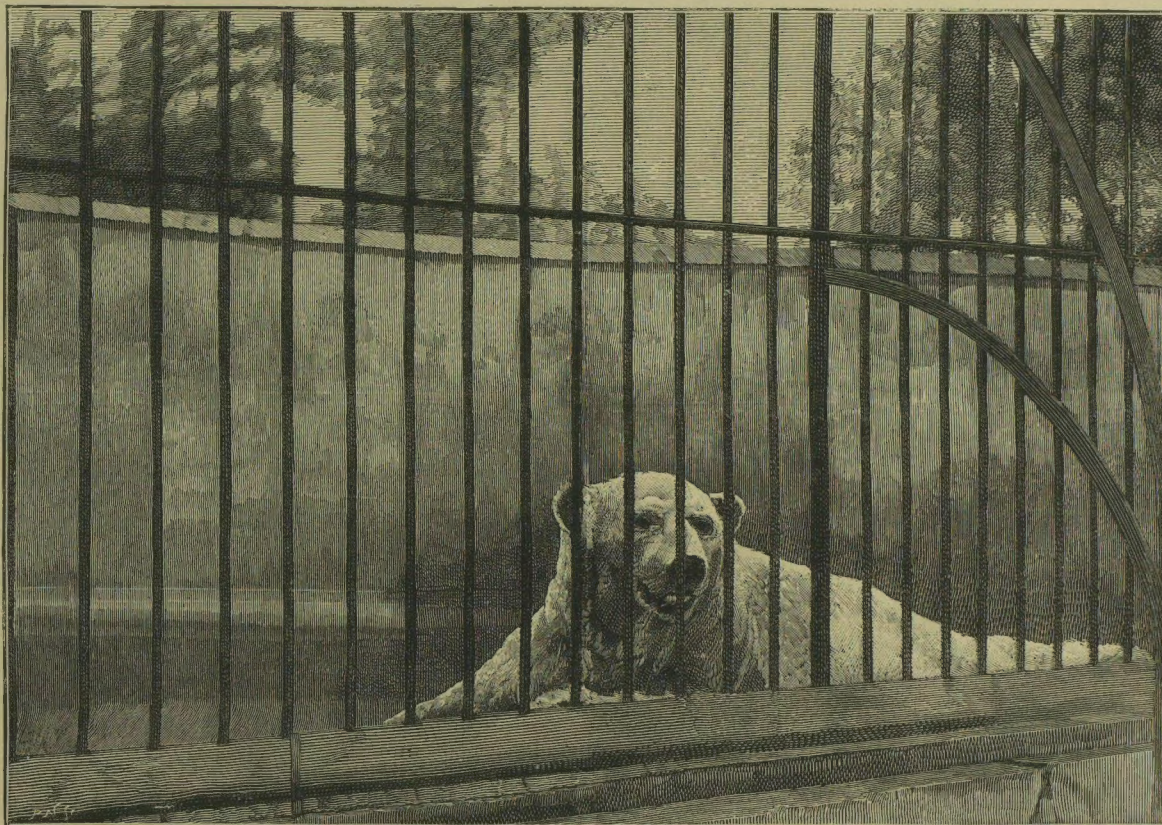
Long-loitering yet, with warmth and wet,
Autumn outstays its time to pass.
Crimson and gold, in wood and wold,
The dead leaves diaper the grass;

And twirled and twined by wave and wind,
As by a master-craftsman's hand,
They damascene the olive-green
O'erbrimming brooks that flood the land.

At shut of eve the elm-trees weave
Athwart the pallid lavender
Of clouds that dye the city sky,
A net of boughs where sparse leaves stir.

Soon comes the dark: in square and park,
In misty streets, like fiery flakes
The lamps are lit; the hansoms flit,
Uncouth, phantasmal: London wakes.

JOHN DAVIDSON.



THE DECEASED POLAR BEAR AT THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.

The large Polar bear, which for twenty-three years has lived in the menagerie of the Zoological Society, in Regent's Park, died on Friday, Nov. 23, after a fortnight's illness. This bear was presented to the Society by Mr. B. L. Smith, who brought it home from an Arctic voyage in his private schooner, the *Sampson*, in December 1871.

ecclesiastical reform measures passed by the Parliament of that kingdom.

The Empress Frederick is at Berlin, and was visited on her birthday by her son the Emperor William. German politicians are busy with conjectures about the measures to be laid before the Reichstag by Prince Hohenlohe, the new Imperial Chancellor, and by the Ministry of the empire.

The recent earthquakes in Sicily and Calabria, which caused the loss of several hundred lives and very great distress, are followed by earthquakes in Central and Northern Italy. Shocks were felt on Nov. 27 at Bologna, at Verona, Mantua, Pavia, Parma, and at Brescia, and other towns of Lombardy, but without any great damage.

The Parliamentary elections in Norway have taken place, showing a small majority of the Radical party, mostly in the towns, while the Conservatives have gained strength in the rural districts. It is not expected that the Stang Ministry will immediately resign office. The new Storting, or Parliament, will consist of fifty-nine Radicals and fifty-four Conservatives.

The Queen of Roumania, "Carmen Sylva" in the literary world, has rejoined her husband in improved health, and they have celebrated their silver wedding happily. The Chambers were opened at Bucharest on Nov. 27 with a speech by the King, and the financial Budget again shows a good surplus.

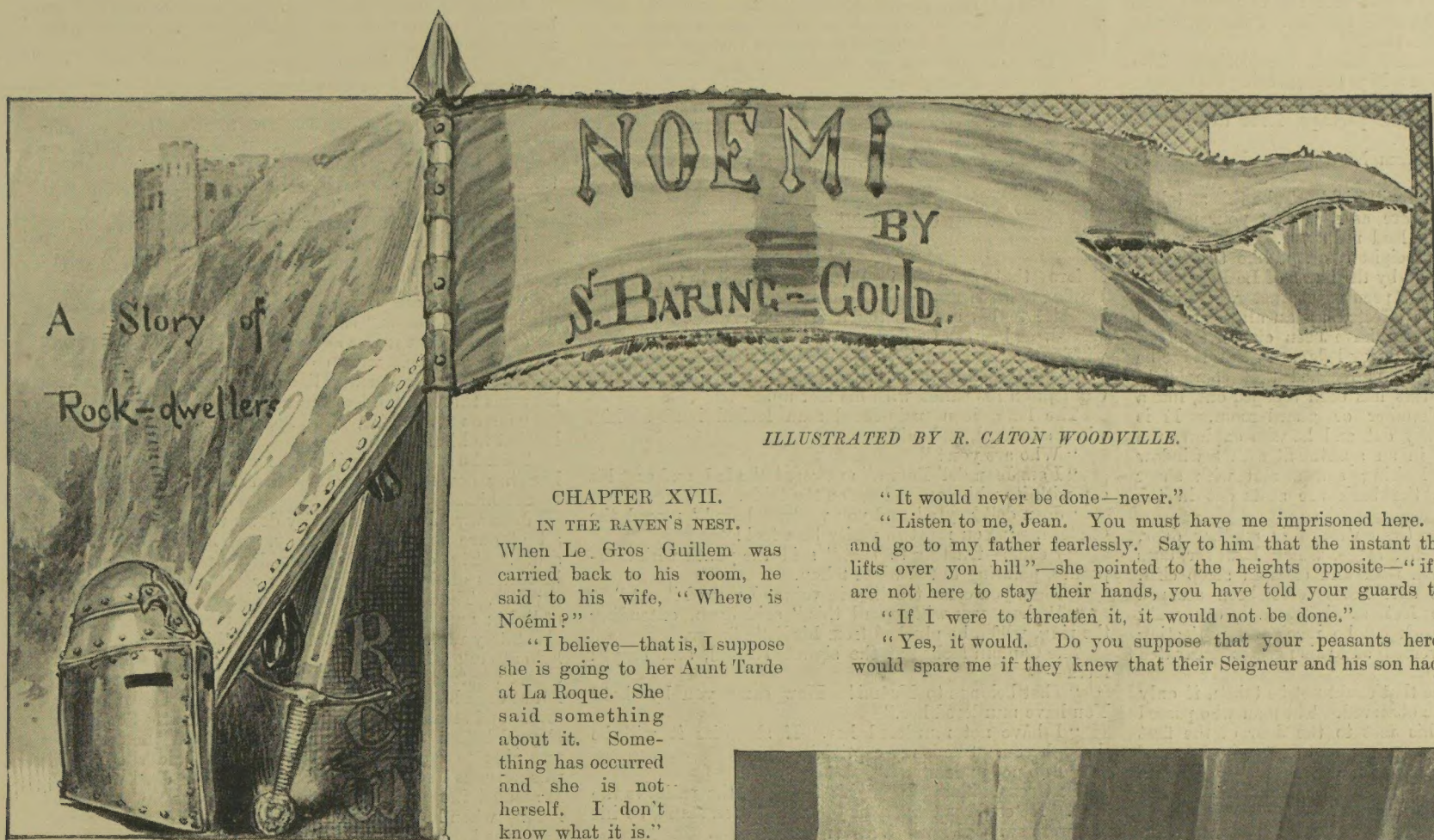
The war in Eastern Asia may possibly be near its termination, as China is now sending a special envoy to Japan to sue for peace, and it is stated that Japan is willing to accept the good offices of the United States of America in the conduct of the peace negotiations.

The Japanese army, commanded by Marshal Oyama, on Wednesday, Nov. 21, captured the fortified Chinese naval port called by us Port Arthur. This place, called by the Chinese Lu Shun Kou, is situated at the extremity of the



A THANK-OFFERING.

By permission of the Photographic Union, Munich.



ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE RAVEN'S NEST.

When Le Gros Guillem was carried back to his room, he said to his wife, "Where is Noémi?"

"I believe—that is, I suppose she is going to her Aunt Tarde at La Roque. She said something about it. Something has occurred and she is not herself. I don't know what it is."

"I dare say!" laughed the

Captain. "Noémi has witnessed this day what has been seen by few girls. She stood it manfully—at the last."

"I dare say. I know nothing about it," said his wife.

"If she is going to La Roque, then Roger and Amanieu shall accompany her. I have a letter to transmit to Ste. Soure."

He sent for writing materials, and wrote in a scrawling hand:

"Dear and most valiant friend, Seigneur Jean del' Peyra at Le Peuch, Ste. Soure.—Please you to know that your father is let down into oblivion. Dear and well-loved Sir, God have you ever in guard.

"Written at Domme, Wednesday, and sent by the hands of Roger and Amanieu."

That was the fashion of epistolary correspondence as conducted in those times. "Dear friend" was the salutation to a deadly foe, "God have you ever in guard," when the writer would like to cut the throat of him he addressed.

Such was the letter received by Jean del' Peyra. It was not explicit. He had been in the greatest anxiety relative to his father. That he would be put to ransom was his hope, but not his expectation.

He looked to the bearer of the epistle for explanation, and then for the first time saw Noémi, her face rigid and ghastly, as though she had seen a ghost, and could not shake off the impression.

"Jean," she said, "let them go back. I will tell you all, between you and myself. No, not back. Step aside."

When Noémi saw that she and Jean were alone she said—

"Do you not understand? Your father—he has been let down into an *oubliette*."

Jean started back as though he had been struck in the face by a mailed hand.

"And now," proceeded Noémi, "there is but one chance for him, one way open to you."

"Where—where is it?" gasped the lad.

"At Domme. No, you cannot storm that castle. It has held out against French and English, and it would hold out against your peasants."

Jean looked at her in silence. What other way was open?

"You must go yourself to Domme," she said.

"And entreat for my father? We will sell all—land, castle, seigneurie—all!"

"That will not suffice. The Captain would take you and cast you in where lies your unhappy father."

"Then what do you mean?"

"You must take me."

"Along with me—to Domme?"

"No, take and confine me here."

"I do not understand."

"I can—I saw it. I saw it at once when I was in that horrible place, when my father refused to listen to me and I pleaded for him. Then I saw clearly there was no other chance for his life."

"And that is—?"

"That you put me into the same position."

"What, in an *oubliette*?"

"Put me in a dungeon, and threaten unless your father be restored, and back here safe by sunrise to-morrow, that you will cast me down as he has been cast down."

"We have no *oubliettes* here."

"You have precipices."

Jean looked in astonishment at the girl.

"See, Jean!" she said, and a dark spot came in each cheek, "by no other way can you rescue your father than by going before him—I mean my father, and threatening that unless your father be released immediately, you will have me put to the same horrible end."

"Never!"

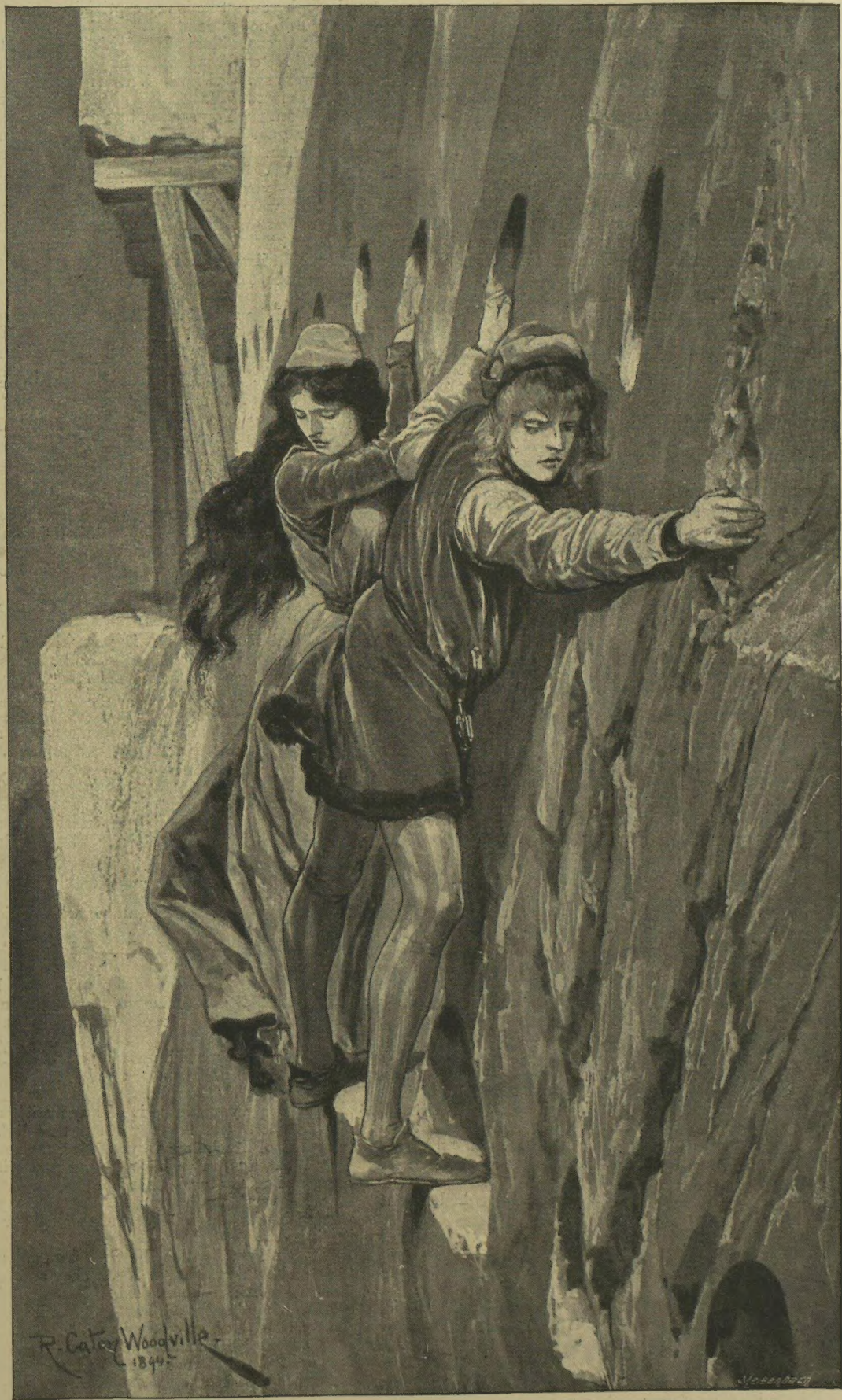
"It must be."

"It would never be done—never."

"Listen to me, Jean. You must have me imprisoned here. Place guards over me and go to my father fearlessly. Say to him that the instant the first spark of the sun lifts over yon hill"—she pointed to the heights opposite—"if the Seigneur and you are not here to stay their hands, you have told your guards to throw me down."

"If I were to threaten it, it would not be done."

"Yes, it would. Do you suppose that your peasants here and your armed men would spare me if they knew that their Seigneur and his son had both been sacrificed by



Jean stepped off the platform, and walked along the face of the rock, and was immediately followed by the girl without the least misgiving or giddiness.

Le Gros Guillem? They would tear me to pieces. The women would stab me with their bodkins. I had rather be dashed down the cliffs than that."

The young man remained silent, considering. The girl's proposal did give him a hope of recovering his father; the threat, which he did not for a moment entertain the thought of executing, might, perhaps, force the *routier* captain to surrender his prey.

Noémi plucked a ring from her finger and extended it to Jean.

"I see," said she, "you will yield. Take this as token to my father that I am here, as sign that your menace is not an idle one. Now lead me away."

In the congeries of precipitous cliffs, like teeth, that rise above Ste. Soure and go by the name of Le Peuch, one possesses a rock-refuge of a peculiar character. To reach it a steep ascent has to be effected up an almost vertical piece of rock, in which places have been cut for the feet. This climb gives access to a grassy ledge. If this ledge be pursued, a buttress of crag is reached that completely blocks the terrace. But this has been scooped out, like a carious tooth, into a chamber or guard-room. It is entered by a door artificially cut, and he who explores the place there finds himself in an apartment with a window dug through the face looking south, and with sheer precipice below it. At the back are seats cut in the stone.

Immediately opposite the entrance is another door, communicating with another ledge, which, however, does not extend more than ten feet, and ends in steep cliff. Along the face of this cliff holes have been scooped for the reception of the feet, so that a man can walk along the front of the rock till he reaches a projecting mass like that he has traversed, and this mass is excavated into a series of chambers.

This rock-refuge is one that could not be taken, if only moderate precautions were observed. The man who passed in the socket-holes for his feet to the door of the first chamber scooped out in the scar must traverse in front of a window, through which it would suffice for a child to thrust his hand to touch him to upset his balance and send him headlong below to certain death.

There was no place better calculated to serve as a prison than this Raven's Nest, as it was called. Jean was by no means sure that what Noémi said might not come true; if the peasants learned who she was, they might take advantage of his absence literally to tear her to pieces, for they were greatly exasperated at the loss of their master, the old Seigneur. If he were to leave the girl for some hours at Le Peuch, she must not only be protected against an attempt at recapture, but against the resentment of his own people, who might lose their heads when they found that he as well as his father was lost to them. A woman like Rossignol's wife was a firebrand inflamed with unslaked lust for revenge. A few words from her might set all in movement. The Southern Gauls are an impulsive, excitable, and, when excited, an unreasoning people. The *routiers* had not spared their wives and daughters, why should they scruple about reprisals on the daughter of their deadliest oppressor?

Distressed as Jean was at his father's fate, the fear of what might happen to Noémi if left alone at Le Peuch for a moment overbore his filial distress.

"You must follow me," he said; and he beckoned to the two men who had attended her to accompany him as well.

Without further words he led them up the ascent, along the ledge, and into the guard-room.

There he said to Amanieu and Roger—

"Your Captain's daughter is going to remain yonder." He pointed across the gulf to the rock chambers in the projecting mass of cliff. "I shall not be at Ste. Soure to protect her. You know what these people are. Even you are not safe, though my father granted you both your lives. As I see, you no longer bear the brand of lawlessness. Do not concern yourself about what takes me away. I leave you here in guard of her. Let no one approach. Yonder, in those retreats, there is always a supply of food, in case of emergency. There is water also. You need not enter for that. She will pass to you what you require through the window. Keep guard here for her sake and for your own, till I return." Then to Noémi he said, "Dare you follow me?"

"I!" she said, and almost laughed. "Have you forgotten the stair to the Bishop's Castle?"

Jean stepped off the platform, and walked along the face of the rock, and was immediately followed by the girl without the least misgiving or giddiness.

On reaching the door cut in the crag on the further side, Jean stepped in.

These rock chambers are cool in summer and warm in winter. There was no well here dug in the heart of the rock. Probably owing to its height above the level of the Vézère—some 300 feet—it had not been thought likely that a vein of water would be tapped; so the atmospheric moisture was caught by little runnels scored in the rock, and all these runnels led into a receiver, in which there was generally to be found a supply of water, though not a great quantity. Each window was provided with shutters, and doors fitted into the entrances, and could be fastened. Beds were scooped in the rock, arched above, and these couches were strewn with heather and fern. In cupboards cut in the walls were stores, to be used in case of necessity.

When Jean had shown the girl everything, he held out his hand.

"Noémi!" he said, and his voice shook, "good-bye! We may never meet again. But do not think that harm would be done you by me—even if the worst were to happen!"

"Jean!" she answered gravely, and went to the doorway, and looked down. "Do you think that anyone who fell here, who tripped coming along these steps, who stumbled at the threshold, would not be dashed to pieces in an instant?"

"I am sure he would. That is what affords you protection here."

"I do not mean that, Jean." She refrained from speaking for a moment. He put out his hand to her, and she took his. Both their hands trembled.

"Jean, I shall watch for the sunrise from the little window. If you and your father have not returned—"

"Then we shall both perish together in the *oubliette*."

"Yes—and the moment the sun comes up—"

"Noémi—what then?"

"The moment I see the first fire-spark—"

"Noémi!" He feared to hear what she was going to say.

"Yes, Jean, I shall throw myself down—here!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN THE DEPTHS.

Before that Jean del' Peyra ventured to cross the Dordogne and approach Domme, he fastened a white kerchief to his cap, as token that he came on peaceful errand, as bearer of a message. As such he was received within the walls, and was conducted to the castle, and given admission to the vaulted hall in which lay Le Gros Guillem on his pallet with his feet up.

The long, lean, pale-faced man looked hard at him when admitted, and said—

"Who are you?"

"I am Jean del' Peyra," answered the lad, and cast his cap with its white appendage on the table.

"Jean del' Peyra! and you venture here!" roared the Captain. "You must in verity be a fool!"

"I came—trusting to that," said the youth with composure, pointing to the white token.

"Then you came trusting in vain. I regard it not."

"Perhaps you will regard this," said Jean, extending the ring, which he plucked from his little finger.

The Captain looked at the signet, started, and brayed forth—

"That belongs to Noémi! How came you by that? You have murdered her."

"I have not murdered her. If she dies it will be through you. She is my captive."

"I do not understand."

Le Gros Guillem slipped his feet from the pallet to the floor. He could not walk, he could not even stand, as his feet were swathed in rags.

"It is not difficult to enlighten your understanding," said Jean. "You sent away your daughter with two men as her guard. They are all in my power. They are at Le Peuch. Their fate—that is to say, *hers*—depends on you."

"So—you war against girls!"

"If we do violence to the young and feeble, from whom have we learned the lesson but from you and your ruffians?"

"You know what I have done to your father," said the freebooter, malignantly. "I will do the same to you."

"And the same fate will befall your daughter—at once," said Jean, decidedly.

The Captain was staggered. He was uneasy. He said sullenly: "For what purpose have you come here?"

"For this," answered Jean. "With your own hand you have let me know where my father is. Unless he be released, and allowed to return with me to Le Peuch, your daughter will perish miserably."

Jean went to the window. The Captain looked suspiciously after him.

"The sun is setting," said the young man. "In an hour it will be gone. Unless before he reappears in the east, unless, to the moment of his rising, my father and I are not returned to Le Peuch safe and sound, it will be too late. Your daughter saw what was done to the old man—what think you of a like fate for her?"

"I do not believe she is in your hands. She is at La Roque."

"Send to La Roque, if you will, and inquire—only remember that will take time, and time is precious. We must be back at Le Peuch before the first spark of the sun reappears, or the deed will be done. Your daughter will be dead."

Le Gros Guillem's face became ashy grey with alarm and rage, commingled with embarrassment.

"Besides," said Jean with composure, "look at the ring. You know that it is taken from her finger."

The Captain turned the ring about in his hand. Then he struck the table with his clenched fist and screamed—

"Outwitted! outwitted again! The devil is fighting for you!"

"Rather is he deserting you to whom you sold yourself," retorted Jean.

The chief remained sullen, with knitted brow and clenched teeth, brooding.

"The sun is set," said Jean, and pointed through the window.

The yellow flame had disappeared that, had flushed the hills on the further side of the Dordogne, the wooded slopes and the tall rock of Vitrac, itself a natural fortress.

The Captain moved uneasily on his pallet, and looked furtively at his guards near the door.

Jean read his thought.

"Nothing you can do is of any avail, save the release of my father. The first ray of sun that lights the sky sees the spark of life die out in your Noémi's heart."

"What guarantee have I that you will not play me false, and refuse to give her up?"

"My word, my honour, and that of my father. Send men with me if you will. Only remember now that time is winged and is flying."

With a horrible oath, Le Gros Guillem again struck the table and called to the guards. They approached.

"Take him"—he indicated Jean—"take him to the *oubliette* chamber," said he; "let cords down, release the man, and let both go as they will."

He flung Noémi's ring on the table, and cast his maimed feet on the pallet once more, and clenched his teeth and knitted his red brows.

Jean took up the ring and said: "I will return this to her."

The guards now conducted him to the keep. Lights were provided, also cords; the door into the cell was opened; and with a shudder Jean entered,

Snatching a torch from one of the men, he went to the breastwork of the well, and leaning over it, let the torch flare down the abyss.

"Father!" he cried; "my father!"

Then he paused for an answer.

There was none.

With the link he endeavoured to illumine the depths below, but found that this was not possible. He could see nothing save an awful blackness, in which the rays of the torch lost themselves, without illumining any object.

"Father!" again he cried.

This time he heard a sound—an inarticulate groan.

"Let me down. I must go to him," said Jean.

"You cannot take a light with you," said one of the men.

"You can carry one down unlighted, and kindle it when you are below," said a second.

Jean saw that it was as the men said. The orifice and throat of the well were so narrow that he must descend without holding a burning light. He nodded, and slipped his arms through the loops in the cords.

"Give me a candle," said he, and one was immediately handed to him.

Then he seated himself on the well-breast, with his feet hanging down inside; and when the men were ready, thrust himself off.

Jean was lowered gradually down the bottle-throat, till all at once the sides fell away, and he was swinging in space.* The effect of being suddenly plunged in absolute blackness of darkness is not so startling as some might suppose. The retina of the eye carries with it an impression of light; and as Jean was let down through void space of absolutely rayless gloom, it seemed to him as though a rosy halo attended him; he could, indeed, discern nothing—no object whatever—but he could not suppose that he did not. All at once his feet touched ground. Then he released his arms, and struck a light with steel and flint. Some time elapsed before the tinder kindled, and from the tinder he was able to ignite the candle. Jean's hand shook. He was nervous lest he should see his father dead or dying. It seemed inexplicable to him that he was not answered readily when he called. Finally, the yellow flame flickered. Then the lad raised the candle above his head and looked about him. He was in a dungeon some thirteen feet square, built of hewn stones in large blocks, laid together with the finest joints, that did not show mortar. The sides were perfectly smooth. The chamber was arched overhead; there was in it no door, no window, no hole of any sort save that in the midst of the vault overhead, through which he had descended.

Against the wall, lying with his head raised, his eyes open, looking at the light, not at Jean, was his father, his legs extended on the cold floor, and about him were strewn the bones of dead men, skulls and skeletons, more or less disturbed by the blind groping of the last victim.

Jean at once went to the old man.

"Father! dear father!" he said.

"Eh?"

"It is I—Jean."

"Eh?"

"I have come to release you."

"Eh?"

The old man's senses seemed lost.

Jean at once knelt, and drawing a phial from his breast, poured into Ogier's mouth a spirit distilled from the juniper-berries that grow on the Causse.

His father drew a deep inspiration.

"It is a long night, and a bad dream," he said. "Where are the tansy and the butterfly?"

"Father, no time is to be lost. Can you rise?"

The old man scrambled to his feet. He was as one in a trance. Jean led him to the cords, and thrust his father's arms through the loops.

"Mind and hold your hands down," he said. "Father, you will see the light of day! the light of day! Be quick! you will see it before it is gone."

"The light—the sun?" asked Ogier, eagerly.

"The sun is set, father; but you will see the evening sky and the stars."

"The light! O my God! the light, do you say?"

"Draw him up!" ordered Jean, and watched with great anxiety as the ropes were strained and the old Seigneur's feet left the ground. Then Ogier was carried up, and passed with head, then shoulders through the orifice in the vault.

It seemed to Jean as though half an hour elapsed before the ropes descended again. When he saw them fall, he eagerly blew out the candle, and committed himself to the cords. In three minutes he was above ground. He saw his father standing in the doorway, looking out over the terrace at the clear evening sky, drawing in long breaths of the sweet pure air of evening into his lungs.

Jean turned to the two men.

"I thank you," he said. "Here is gold. If I can do aught to repay you, in the many troubles and changes of affairs that occur, it shall be done. Your name?"

"I am Peyrot le Fort."

"And I, Heliot Prebost."

"Enough! I shall not forget. We must away. Lead me once more to the Captain."

Jean took his father under the arm. The old man walked along with tolerable steadiness, but said nothing. He was as one stupefied. He did not seem to realise that he had been released, but to be labouring under uncertainty whether he were dreaming that he was at liberty or not, and was oppressed with the dread of waking to find himself in the abyss.

Jean and his father were introduced into the hall where lay Le Gros Guillem. The Captain had not allowed lights to be introduced, as his eyes were somewhat inflamed by the irritation which pervaded him.

"Captain," said Jean. "You must remember that this is not all. The day is spent. We must travel all night, and I have a horse awaiting my father. But you have despoiled him of his coat. He cannot leave in his shirt."

* The description of the interior of the *oubliette* is in accordance with that into which the author was lowered at Castelnau le Bretonnoux. The ruin of the castle at Domme is so complete that the *oubliettes* there, if they existed, are buried.

"I have not his coat," said Guillem, roughly. "I restore the man, that suffices."
 "It does not suffice. Give him back his jerkin."
 "The executioner—the jailer has it. It is his perquisite."
 "I cannot go after him. Send for it yourself. Consider what you are apt to forget, that time is all-important."
 "Here!" ordered the Captain, "Bring the old fellow one of mine—any worn one will suffice."
 A moment later a leather coat was given to Jean, brought by a serving-man. It was dark in the hall. Le Gros Guillem did not concern himself to look at what was

over-reached; I am outwitted once more this time. Take care how we encounter for the fourth time. Do you mark me, Ogier del' Peyra? The fourth time—that will be the fatal meeting for one or other of us. The fourth time, Ogier."
 "The fourth time. I shall remember," said the old man dreamily, and touched his forehead.
 "Lead him away. Peyrot and Heliot, you shall ride with the Sieur and his son to Le Peuch. Stay a moment! a word before you go."
 He waited till Del' Peyra and his son had left the hall and were descending to the courtyard. Then he said—

to Albert Dürer's engravings, is no exception to the rule. It might have been thought that Drs. Thausing and Springer had left little fresh to be said concerning the great Nuremberg painter and engraver. Mr. Lionel Cust, however, shows in this scholarly and appreciative study of Dürer's work that in their eagerness to establish special theories or to sustain foregone conclusions, Dürer's biographers have not infrequently lost sight of the teachings of his life, or have so misread his character and aims that its singular simplicity and studiousness are obscured. He was, as Mr. Cust says, the first great artist in a branch of art in which he had for followers Rembrandt, Marcantonio,



"I have come to release you."

produced. Probably the serving-man himself had taken the garment in a hurry without regarding it.
 As Jean threw the jerkin over his father's shoulders, he felt that it was lined throughout with metal rings, and was impervious to a sword-blow or a pike-thrust.

As Ogier, invested in this garment, prepared to depart, the Captain, with brutal insolence, shouted—
 "Seigneur! was it cold and black below?"

The old man did not reply.
 "We two have met thrice," pursued Le Gros Guillem. "Once I fell on you at Ste. Soure and made you run," he laughed harshly; "secondly, you fell on me unawares, and I came off the worst. The third time we met on the Beune. It might be esteemed a drawn battle, but as I had captured you, I had got what I wanted. However, I have been

"Attend them till you are at Le Peuch, get my daughter safely into your hands, and then cut them down—these cursed Del' Peyras—and bring me their heads at your saddle-bows. You shall be paid what you choose to ask."

(To be continued.)

A melancholy interest attaches itself to the current number of the *Portfolio* (Seeley and Co.) as the last which will bear the name of the originator and editor of that admirable publication. The idea of substituting monographs on artistic subjects for the miscellany of short articles which was the earlier form of the *Portfolio* has been attended with excellent results, and the reading public have had the opportunity of obtaining in a compressed form the most complete and recent knowledge on a variety of art subjects. The present number, devoted

to Hillar, Ostade, Méryon, and Whistler. It is through his wood-engravings, however, rather than by his etchings, that Dürer stands superior to his precursors and his followers. He may be said, in a sense, to have been one of the leaders of the Reformation, for it was by his wood-cuts that he appealed to the popular mind in the various series known as "The Apocalypse," "The Life of Mary," "The Great and the Little Passion." It was also through Dürer that we have handed down to us authentic portraits of Melancthon and Erasmus—possibly also of Luther himself—for we know that he eagerly desired to engrave the Reformer's portrait. At any rate, Dürer threw himself with ardour into the religious struggles of the sixteenth century, and his sympathy with suffering as one of the motives of his art is not the least important point brought out by Mr. Cust in his most interesting monograph.

ART NOTES.

For those who do not go into ecstasy at the sight of everything Japanese, the exhibition of Utamaro's drawings, now on view at the Goupil Gallery, will afford a pleasing diversion. The artist belonged to the latter half of the last century, and his work, which has left the symbolism

society, however, which claims Sir James Linton as its President is sure to count skilful figure-painters among its members. The President's own contribution, "Autumn," is a fine piece of brush-work, rich in colour, though somewhat hard in outline. As usual, the drapery is most carefully rendered, and few artists can obtain better results in work of this sort. We are willing to accept Mr. St.

a damsel, who sheds an air of grace and beauty on her very homely surroundings. The pathos of the title is not overstrained, and, for a wonder, the brass and pewter kitchen articles do not throw their owners into the shade.

Local patriotism as a stimulus to national art is largely brought into play by our neighbours across the Channel,



"CHILDISH DAYS."—BY ST. GEORGE HARE.
In the Gallery of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.



"AUTUMN."—BY SIR JAMES D. LINTON.
In the Gallery of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

of early Japanese art far behind, deals especially with social and domestic life. Most interesting are the studies of maternity, and the humorous ways of the Japanese *enfant terrible*. His style is singularly free from conventional restraint, and although no trace of Occidental influence is recognisable throughout his work, it is evident that Utamaro had a wider grasp of his art than many of his predecessors or successors. Here and there glimpses of the country life of Japanese ladies of the last century seem to suggest that, with certain differences of temperature and training, they enjoyed themselves—in boating, picnics, walking, and doing nothing—very much in the same way as our grandmothers and great-grandmothers were accustomed to do. Of Utamaro's special art we must speak with some reservation. He certainly had a firm hand and a pleasing sense of colour, more subdued than in many of his countrymen; but he scarcely has that variety of theme which, judged from a Western point of view, is necessary to convey different moods and to dramatise different situations. It is most often where he attempts least that he succeeds the best, and brings before our eye what might so readily have been passing before his own. From this point of view, these prints—for such we suppose the drawings to be—are among the most interesting sidelights on Japanese life and manners that have been exhibited to the public.

Of the general features of the present exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oils mention has already been made; but our remarks were chiefly confined to the landscape work. A

George Hare's epigraph for his picture, although we can scarce see its application—

Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

With proper respect for Wordsworth, we may say that the picture is more poetic than the motto. Mr. G. G. Kilburne, on the other hand, is frankly intelligible, and makes us wonder what keeps Lubin away from so pretty

and every "boom" is turned to account by artists eager to enjoy the benefits of State protection. The recent gush, Joan of Arc-ism, has naturally brought to the front other competitors for national recognition, through the agency of local sculptors, painters, and poets; and the generous rivalry of so many defenders of their country rather tends to dissipate devotion to any special championess. The claims of Perrinaic, the Breton maiden, were at first urged with such vehemence by her com-

patriots that there was a danger of her casting her shadow over Jeanne d'Arc herself, and as Perrinaic's valour was exerted on behalf of her own province rather than of the country at large, it was deemed expedient to look coldly upon the claims of a Separatist. There has been less political difficulty with Marie Fourré, who is believed to have inspired her fellow townsmen and women with heroism when Péronne was besieged in 1536 by Henry of Nassau, acting in the name and interests of Charles V. The town of Beauvais already possesses a statue of its valiant heroine, Jeanne Hachette, and now the market-place of Péronne is waiting for the promised figure of Marie Fourré, if only the municipal authorities can persuade the Government to give sufficient encouragement to a rising sculptor. It will be interesting to watch if the development of local self-government by the means of Parish Councils will stimulate local patriotism, or the research for those forgotten worthies whose effigies should, in the opinion of the authorities, be recorded in marble or bronze. Here would be a new outlet for local talent—and for local rates.



"WHEN LUBIN IS AWAY."—BY G. G. KILBURNE.
In the Gallery of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

THE DEFENCE OF LOURDES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

If nothing else advances, the courtesies of controversy, at least, improve in tone. M. Zola has written a novel about Lourdes, and about Bernadette, who saw the Madonna there. M. Zola is no believer, but he admitted the sincerity of Bernadette. She might be an hallucinated little girl, who saw visions with no reality behind them, at an age when many little girls do have odd subjective experiences; but she was neither an idiot nor a rogue, as she would certainly have been styled by earlier sceptics. Again, Monseigneur Ricard, in "La Vraie Bernadette," and Dr. Boissarie, in "Lourdes, depuis 1858 jusqu'à nos Jours," reply to M. Zola. But they both write like gentlemen, if we can hardly say that they always write like good logicians. Neither calls M. Zola by evil names, and surely this is a very great gain, and Truth must profit by courtesy and tranquillity of tone. Really, that we should all listen to the other side, and reply with good temper, is a boon far more important than a world of miraculous cures. And it is coming to this new state of things.

The visions of Bernadette began on Feb. 11, 1858; were repeated on Feb. 14, and again on every day but two (Feb. 22 and 26) from Feb. 18 to March 4; also on March 25, April 7, and July 16. Then they ceased for ever, and on the blank days, if Bernadette saw nothing it was not for want of trying. She could not summon the sight with success by conscious effort of the imagination.

fingers lightly crossed above the flame, which peeped through between. Forbidding the others to disturb her, Dr. Dozous timed her by his watch. He studied for a quarter of an hour; then she rose, and he examined her hand. "I found nowhere the slightest trace of burning." He then suddenly placed the lighted candle under her hand and she snatched her hand away, crying, "You burn me."

It is replied that under hypnotism or cocaine people do not feel pain, but their hands, for all that, would be scorched by fire. This "miracle of the candle" is, of course, no miracle. Similar tales are told of Red Indians, Chinese, Greeks, Yankee Mediums, Bulgarians, Ostiaks, South Indian aboriginal races, Fijians, and so on, and so on, and the evidence is as good as that of Dr. Dozous. If the thing happens, it happens by virtue of some undiscovered natural law.

Three doctors, March 31 (1858), said that the girl might be hallucinated, that a chance gleam of light (on a dark day—Zola) might have started an illusion. Then came the excitement of crowds, and the establishment of the *état extatique*, and of the dominant idea. But the condition was intermittent, and the idea often failed to objectify itself. Dr. Diday defined Bernadette's hallucination as one "compatible with sanity." That such hallucinations of the same can exist has been denied, and Socrates has been called a lunatic. But that view is apparently obsolete.

Next, Dr. Voisin, of the Salpêtrière, alleged, in 1872, that Bernadette was hallucinated, "and is now confined (*enfermée*) in the Convent of the Ursulines of Nevers." The Bishop of Nevers denied the fact. Bernadette was confined nowhere, had never set her foot in that convent, but was in the House of the Sisters of Charity of Nevers. The Bishop offered his hospitality to Dr. Voisin, and invited

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

It is good news that Dean Church's "Life and Letters" will soon appear. The book will make a handsome volume similar in form to the first edition of the Dean's work on the Oxford Movement. Dean Church was much more than an ecclesiastic and theologian; he was a lover of books, and his sympathies were singularly wide. His relations with men of very various schools were close, and the personal charm, one may safely predict, will be supreme in the new biography.

It is to be hoped that Dr. Liddon's Letters will appear shortly, but no announcement has been made as yet. There are grave objections in these forgetful times to undue delay in bringing out such books.

Messrs. Innes are publishing a new Church magazine, which will replace the *Newbery House Magazine*. It cannot be said that *Newbery House* was a felicitous title, and Messrs. Innes were hardly more fortunate in what seems to have been their first idea—namely, the *English Church Magazine*. They have now fixed on the *Minister*. The only objection is that in these days of "The Little Minister" and "The Sticket Minister" many people are sure to call it the *Minister*. I am inclined to think that the ideal title is one word, with the definite article prefixed; but the difficulty is to find a word at once distinctive and appropriate.

The Bishop of Salisbury has sailed for Melbourne. He will be joined at Melbourne by the Bishop of Brisbane and the Bishop-elect of Wellington (Dr. Wallis) and Mrs. Wallis.

It is thought by some English Churchmen that the Pope will indirectly show his disapproval of Cardinal



A JAPANESE COUNCIL OF WAR.

Facsimile of a Japanese Drawing lent by Mr. Lazenby Liberty, and to be presented by him to the Japan Society.

The experience began with the sense of a mighty rushing wind. Not a poplar-leaf was stirring! The wind arose again, and in a grotto by the Save came a light, in the light a lovely "lady from a far country." Unlike Jeanne d'Arc, Bernadette spoke of what she saw to the other children. On Feb. 14 she threw holy water at the appearance, which smiled. The children with her saw nothing unusual. On Feb. 19, by the Virgin's request, a crowd came, and daily increased in number. They observed an ecstatic beauty in the face of Bernadette while the vision lasted. Dunois describes a similar rapt air on the face of Jeanne when she spoke of her voices. Unlike the patients who go into ecstasy under hypnotism, Bernadette remembered what occurred in this condition. No cross-examination made her alter a jot of her narrative. Three secrets were told to her; she never revealed them. Of the words, "I am the Immaculate Conception," she had to ask the meaning. This is really unimportant. The dogma had been much discussed, she may have heard the words without marking them, and may have reproduced them unconsciously, or rather, have drawn them from her unconscious memory. "Indeed," says M. Estrade, "she knew that this phrase was applied to Our Lady." She never, we are told, accepted any gifts.

Doctors were consulted, and condemned the whole tale, "without examination." One physician, Dr. Dozous, "a careless sceptic," went to view the strange scene on Feb. 21, and all the later days. He was the family doctor of the Soubirous; he describes Bernadette as of ordinary intelligence, not addicted to devotional excesses, perfectly rational, and very good. On April 7 (the day of the last vision but one) he saw her kneel by a lighted candle, her

him to examine Bernadette at his ease. The physician of the Sisters of Charity, M. Saint Cyr, announced that Bernadette was perfectly sane—"calm, simple, gentle"—and was acting as his *infirmière*. Dr. Voisin (says Dr. Boissarie) never retracted a word. He never examined the girl, as far as one can make out. This is a noble example of scientific method.

As to the miracles of healing, Dr. Boissarie gives us plenty. They interest me but moderately; nervous diseases may be cured by new nervous conditions, and who shall say what are nervous diseases? Certainly, if Dr. Boissarie is as accurate as honest, the range of nervous diseases must be indefinitely extended, and that would be great gain to science. M. Zola visited the Medical Bureau at Lourdes—twice. He saw Clementine Trouvé, who had been cured of caries of the bone of the heel. Her doctor certified the existence of the disease. But this was the year before M. Zola's visit. Dr. Boissarie wished that all the great physicians would come and see for themselves. "Come they will not," said M. Zola, "their past, their writings, their position, all keep, and long will keep them at a distance."

Very likely, but is that remoteness quite scientific? M. Zola wanted to see *une enquête*, and study the procedure. But he did not do so—"he had not time." M. Zola is not a physician, and his failure to study his topic is of no importance. But that so many people should be in such a strange mental condition as they seem to be in at Lourdes does appear a theme worthy of medical study. Examination commits a man to nothing.

One reprieve of Bernadette's is worth notice. Someone objected that she was asthmatic. "But I did not see with my asthma," she riposted, neatly enough.

Her whole experience has nothing to convince a sceptic, taking in the "miracle of the candle" and all. The "miracles" of healing are matter for physicians, and for them alone. But that either Bernadette or the cures have received sportsmanlike treatment from science it is difficult for a Briton to maintain.

Vaughan's pronouncement on Anglican orders by promoting a *rapprochement* with Anglicanism, as has lately been done with regard to "the Eastern schismatics." This view is based on a letter written some weeks ago by Cardinal Rampolla.

Dean Kitchin's opening sermon as Dean of Durham was largely a manifesto on the eastward position. The Dean said he was very conservative on such matters, and would continue the position at present in use at Durham—the north and the eastward. At the midday celebration on Sunday he took the northward position throughout.

The Select Preachers' Syndicate at Cambridge has reported that it is desirable that the University sermon be not preached in the Christmas and Easter vacation, because the congregation may be confined to a few officials. The *Cambridge Review* asks, Where are the resident and married Dons?

The General Council of the Christian Social Union meets this week at Cambridge, the Bishop of Durham delivering the presidential address.

The English Presbyterians have been celebrating the jubilee of their college. The celebrations appear to have been very successful. A leading part was taken by the Rev. John Watson, of Liverpool, who has become famous under the pseudonym "Ian Maclaren." It is in contemplation to remove the college from London to Cambridge, two ladies—Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson, one of them well known in connection with the discovery of the new Syriac Code—having offered to provide a large part of the necessary funds. Nonconformity is represented at Oxford by Mansfield College, which is under the direction of Principal Fairbairn.

Principal Reynolds, of Cheshunt College, has resigned his presidency. In early life Dr. Reynolds wrote a novel in conjunction with his brother, Dr. Russell Reynolds. The title was "Yes and No: Glimpses of the Great Conflict."

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Almost concurrently with the death of Rubinstein and the retirement of Edmond Got from the Comédie-Française, the final particulars with regard to the disposal of the greater part of the fortune of Marietta Alboni were published in Paris. From these it would appear that a sum of about £60,000 will eventually be handed over to the municipality of the French capital to be expended in a scheme the social and economical importance of which cannot be overrated. In its attempt to inculcate practical thrift, the scheme beats that of the famous Dutch seascape painter, Bakhuyzen, the interest of whose moneys only dowered one maiden of his native place annually, and after all, the bridegroom had to take the bride with the money. The provisions of the famous contralto's will do not impose such a charge on those who will benefit by it. The interest of £60,000 will yield, at a rough guess, £2000 per annum; consequently it will enable the municipal councillors to make two hundred happy boys in a twelvemonth, for each lad, however deserving, is to have no more than £10 placed to his credit in the savings bank when he attains the age of twelve.

By her will the late Marchesa di Pepoli has once more shown the truth of the proverb, "The ruling passion strong in death," and that ruling passion was the love of children. The fame she had attained by her magnificent voice and great musical talents, the admiration of the whole of the civilised world, the respect of all those who knew her—all these were as nothing to her compared to the smile of a little bairn. And sad to say, she was childless. But childless though she was, the smiles of the little ones never failed her when she went out to gather them, as she invariably did in the latter years of her life. I doubt whether there was a single urchin, lassie, or *nounou* among all those who congregate of a bright afternoon between the Rond Point and the Marly horses in the Champs-Élysées who did not know Madame la Marquise de Pepoli, or to call her by the sobriquet they more frequently gave her—"La dame qui chante." For she would take them in her lap and softly sing to them in that still incomparable voice, for the privilege of hearing which sovereigns and the great ones of this earth had crowded the opera-houses. Nay, she who had retired from the lyric stage when that

in public. He himself on entering the drawing-room of the librettist, de Jouy, on that first night, had qualified "Guillaume Tell" as a *quasi fiasco* because the third and fourth acts had been somewhat coldly received. It was almost impossible to prevent a reaction after the thunders of applause with which the overture and the first and second acts had been hailed. Anyhow, this pledge to abstain from composing for the future was probably a *serment d'écrivain* or *serment de compositeur ou de dramatique*, and these are synonymous with the pledge of the tippler to abstain from imbibing. But Lubert, the then Director of the Paris Opéra, virtually fortified him in his resolution by asking him how he dared to write "such a trashy thing" (textual) for the Paris Opéra, and claiming the annulment of the contract for the writing of "Jeanne d'Arc."

Nevertheless, Rossini went on writing to please himself, and among other things there was a short "Messe Solennelle," of which he thought highly. One day Alboni heard it at the house of Comte Pillet-Will. She was greatly struck with it, and, as she was a pupil of Rossini, considered that he would make an exception in her favour, and allow her to sing it in public. Rossini refused, promising, however, that she should sing it after his death. By that time (1868) Alboni had retired from the stage, and Strakosch, who bought the piece, knew that Alboni was as obstinate in her way as Rossini had been in his. It happened, though, that Alboni, in spite of her handsome income of £5000 per annum, was always short of money, for three-fourths of it went to her family and the poor. At that particular moment, she was considerably exercised in her mind how to provide a dowry for her niece. "Why don't you sing in public?" said the clever impresario; "it will not take you long to get the sum you want." "Perhaps," replied the great singer, "the public may not like the 'Mass' any more than Lubert liked 'Guillaume Tell.' Unless you are prepared to put down the £4000 I require, I'll not think of it." "Will it do in three months, if I give you my security?" asked Strakosch. "Yes," was the answer, "but it must be three months to the day, for these poor children [meaning her niece and fiancé] have been waiting long enough. Besides, I want some sort of a grandchild before I die."

Strakosch took her at her word; the money was earned long before it was due, and that notwithstanding the fact of Rossini's widow, not an amiable creature, having claimed £4000 for the right of performance only. During the first month the "Messe" was sung fourteen times at the Théâtre Italien in Paris, during the two following it was sung sixty times in France, Belgium, and Holland. Tom Hohler, who married the Duchess of Newcastle, sang the tenor part. During the tour Alboni, in order to save Strakosch unnecessary expenses, travelled with the smallest possible trunk.

Mr. Oscar Wilde has betaken himself to journalism. He has written in the *Saturday Review* a series of those epigrams the recipe of which he has not been able to retain for his exclusive use, as they have been exactly imitated by the author of the "Green Carnation." Indeed, anybody with a little practice can write such stuff as this: "Art is the only serious thing in the world, and the artist is never serious." Maxims of this kind threaten to become as commonplace as the small beer of "Poor Richard." Mr. Oscar Wilde is really capable of better things, and he should leave his topsyturvy inaneities to the parodists and farce-writers.

Christmas greeting cards will be still more popular than last year, to judge from the many charming specimens of this class of cards executed by Messrs. Parkins and Gotto. And of the good taste of such a style of Christmas card everyone must be aware, while the saving in time by the adoption of the printed greeting is another point in its favour. This firm proudly announces, too, that, with hardly an exception, the cards were manufactured in London, so that the too-familiar words, "Made in Germany," do not appear on Messrs. Parkins and Gotto's pretty cards. We specially admire those with a delicate landscape design, although No. 16 makes us waver in favour of this choice greeting. "Prettier than ever" will probably be the verdict of all who see Messrs. Parkins and Gotto's cards.

ST. DAVID'S GOLF CLUB, HARLECH.

Only a few years ago the game of golf was almost entirely confined to its native land, but it has now acquired such a hold over the affections of the "Southron" as entitles it to rank among our national games. Its latest development is to be found in the formation of the St. David's Golf Club at Harlech, in North Wales.

The little town of Harlech, formerly the capital of Merionethshire, is most picturesquely situated on the western slope of a range of mountains overlooking Cardigan Bay. In the midst of the town, on a precipitous rock, some three hundred feet high, towers the grand old Castle of Harlech, renowned in history for its many sieges, and for the shelter which it afforded to Margaret of Anjou and other illustrious fugitives. Though uninhabited, it is in a good state of preservation, the beauty of its outlines having been in no way marred by the battering of Cromwell's ubiquitous cannon. Formerly, the base of the precipice upon which it stands was washed by the sea, but this has now retreated for some three-quarters of a mile, leaving a stretch of grass land and sand-dunes, upon which the golf links are situated. The view from these links affords a scene the grandeur of which it would be difficult to surpass. Away to the east, the north, and the north-west rise the mountains, range upon range, a magnificent amphitheatre, the lower tiers of which are rich with the gold and crimson glories of autumn woodland, the upper tiers piled one upon the other in every shade of purple, amethyst, and blue; while far above all towers the mighty peak of Snowdon, the crowning beauty of the scene. To the west lie the shining waters of Cardigan Bay, separated from the golf links by a stretch of hard sand, unbroken for four miles. All this, however, does not appeal to the true golfer nearly so much as what he calls the natural beauties of the course. These, from his point of view, consist of vast stretches of sea-grass, a variety of sand-bunkers, and natural obstacles in the shape of huge sand-dunes. The absence of a single pebble or stone on the entire length of the course, and the fact that the first tee is only a few hundred yards from the railway station, go to make up a perfect golfer's paradise.

Secure in the possession of a course the natural advantages of which entitle it to rank with the best in Great Britain, the founders of the St. David's Club have boldly appealed to the patron saint of Wales to place their course in the position of the premier one in the Principality. The club was only formed in May last, and the first competition was held on Nov. 1, 2, and 3, and much interest attached to the meeting from its being known that Mr. John Ball, Mr. Mure Fergusson, and Mr. Charles Hutchings were to be among the players.

The first day opened with most unfavourable weather. Mr. Mure Fergusson was the first to start, but a gale of wind and a perfectly incessant deluge of rain rendered play almost impossible. Mr. Ball, who started last, had somewhat more favourable atmospheric conditions, and played a magnificent round of 75. Starting again without interval, he this time did the course in 77, thus easily winning the Cup, value five guineas, presented by the club for the lowest aggregate scores of two rounds. Mr. Hutchings went round in 78 the first round, but did not hand in his score for the second.

On the second day Mr. John Ball gave a most wonderful exhibition of play. In spite of a very heavy wind against him for the greater part of the course, he went round the first time in 77, and the second time in 72, winning the President's Cup. Mr. Mure Fergusson and Mr. Hutchings also competed, but neither of them returned any score. Mr. John Ball's play was absolutely faultless. It is evident that he is still at the very top of his form, and when he is, there is probably no one living who can beat him. His performance is all the more remarkable from the fact of his never having seen the course before. Mr. Mure Fergusson, who played with him, was unlucky in getting badly "bunkered" at the third hole, a mishap which cost him ten strokes for the hole, ordinarily done in five. Even with this he completed the round in 82.

On the third day Mr. Ball and Mr. Hutchings did not compete. The gold medal was won by the Rev. D. H. Williams, 110-32=78; the next best score being Mr. Harold Finch Hatton, president of the club, 85-4=81.

Mr. Ball, Mr. Fergusson, and Mr. Hutchings all expressed themselves delighted both with the natural advantages of the course and the admirable manner in which it has been laid out so as to make the most of them. The "lying" all through the green is extraordinarily good, and will constantly improve with use. The "carries" are many of them very long, some of the hazards being 150 yards from the tee. The greens at present are small, but excellent in quality, and are being steadily enlarged. In spite of the deluge of rain that had fallen for two days previously and upon the morning of the first day of the meeting, the course was perfectly dry and in excellent order throughout, the sandy nature of the sub-soil being capable of absorbing any quantity of moisture. The meeting was a great success, and the St. David's Golf Club, which has inaugurated its career under such favourable auspices, seems likely to have a brilliant future.



Photo by Robinson and Thompson, Liverpool.
MR. S. MURE FERGUSSON.



SHRINE OF ST. DEMETRIUS IN THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL, KREMLIN, MOSCOW.

This church was anciently the burial-place of the Czars of the Rurik and Romanoff dynasties, but the only Emperor after Peter the Great buried here was Peter II. One of the principal objects of interest is the shrine of St. Demetrius. He was the son of Ivan the Terrible, and was secretly murdered. The discovery of the body was associated with a miracle, hence the veneration of this shrine. The lid of the coffin remains open, and the head is exposed. His portrait, in a frame, is placed above the coffin.

marvellous voice was still comparatively unimpaired, who steadfastly refused to emerge from that retirement, who often declined the urgent prayers of her personal friends to sing to them in private—she sang, unasked, to the children.

My friend the late Maurice Strakosch knew this better than anyone, and, with that shrewd business sense which in no way detracted from his more amiable qualities, determined to profit by it on one occasion. It is well known that after the first performance of "Guillaume Tell" (1829) Rossini was extremely reluctant either to compose any more or to have the works he had written performed



A NEW GOLF GROUND: HARLECH.



FUNERAL OF THE LATE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA IN THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL IN THE FORTRESS OF ST. PETERSBURG: "ASHES TO ASHES."

From a sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

THE SWAZI ENVOYS.

It is no new thing for aggrieved native communities in Africa and elsewhere to send delegates to England appealing to our Queen and Government against methods of British rule over them or for protection from foreign assailants. But there was something quite out of the common in the business of the Swazi deputation lately in London. The Swazis, it will be remembered, are a fragment of the great Zulu nation which was broken up after the death of Tshaka, the Zulu Charlemagne. One portion trekked northwards, and established the Matabili dominion, which has lately been crushed by the British South Africa Company; another, but slightly shifting its ground, became an independent kingdom in the district north of the Pongolo and west of the Lebombo mountains, which is now known as Swaziland, and there kept up a vigorous feud with its Zulu kinsmen in the south. The Zulus were held at bay, but the Swazis found it harder to resist the encroachments of the Boers, who were building up the South African Republic, especially as these encroachments were cloaked by friendly overtures. A good deal of their

in a few words, and it will be sufficient to say here that the Swazis admit that there was culpable recklessness in the granting of concessions to Boer and other adventurers by their late King Umbandini and his advisers. Umbandini liked strong drink, and when he was in liquor was quite willing to put his mark to any paper set before him without knowing its contents. Thus he was induced to sign away nearly all the nation's property, as well as his own. Grazing rights and mining rights, monopolies in building, in cotton and linen manufactures, in gunpowder and dynamite making, even in lotteries and electric lighting—everything, in fact, that he could or could not dispose of—he bartered for paltry sums of money or demi-johns of rum. By virtue of these concessions the holders claimed a right to meddle with the administration of the country, and as nearly all the more important concessions have gradually been got hold of by influential Boers or by the Transvaal Government, it is now contended that that Government alone is in a position to manage the affairs of Swaziland. There would be weight in the argument if the concessions had been honestly acquired. This is denied, however, and not by the Swazis alone. Their view of the

when he has fighting work to do. Almost as tall, considerably older, and better answering to the popular notion of a "noble savage," is Uziboguana, also a member of the royal family. These two were the "speakers" of the party, and they have all the command of poetic imagery, of pathos, and of fiery eloquence for which Zulu orators are famous. A third member of the deputation, and in some respects the most notable, is Unkonkoni, a veteran who cannot be much less than eighty years of age, but who is yet nimble of foot (when he is not hampered by shoes and stockings), and as full of fun when he is in the mood for it as he can be grave when he has serious business on hand. He was "trusted messenger" to Umbandini during his reign of twenty years or more, having rendered good service to the former king, and being one of the most honoured councillors of the present rulers. Among people who have no written language, except such as has been lately adapted for them by the missionaries, whose national archives can only be stored in the memory, and whose communications with others can only be, for the most part, by word of mouth, the functions of an official like Unkonkoni are very responsible. He is a sort

MABONI.

MR. G. H. HULETT.

MADONSELA.



UZIBOGUANA.

NONGANGA.

UNKONKONI.

UMHLONITSHWA.

THE SWAZI DEPUTATION TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

land had been filched from the Swazis before their eyes were opened. Then they resolved to hold their own, if they could, and they found safety, as they thought, in allying themselves with the English, who were at this time at war both with the Boers and with the Zulus, and in such straits that Swazi help was very useful to them. For the assistance they rendered to us in these perilous encounters fifteen or sixteen years ago they were heartily thanked by Sir Garnet Wolseley and Sir Evelyn Wood, and as a reward for their services, after peace had been restored, and when the independence of the South African Republic was recognised, it was specially provided that the independence of Swaziland also should be "fully recognised." A clause to this effect was inserted in the Transvaal Convention of 1881; it was repeated in the second Transvaal Convention of 1884; and the same stipulation was made again, in other terms, in the Swaziland Convention of 1890. The reiterated promises have not been kept, however, and it was to make final appeal and protest against English breach of faith and betrayal of their interests that the Swazi Queen and nation sent their delegates to London.

There are, of course, two sides to the question, and her Majesty's Government doubtless thinks itself justified in telling the Swazis that they have brought themselves into their present difficulty, and must bear the consequences of their folly. The situation is too complicated to be explained

matter is that the concessions are monstrous frauds, as to the nature of which even Umbandini was ignorant; and that, had he known what he was about, he would have had no authority to give away or sell the property of the nation. They declare, moreover, that every man among them will die rather than be handed over, with his wives and children, to such thralldom as is endured by the natives at present under the Boers. As soon as they heard that yet another convention had been passed in November of last year, cancelling the clauses in previous conventions which recognised the independence of Swaziland, and allowing the South African Republic to take possession of it, they vigorously protested, and their protests culminated in the deputation which had audience with her Majesty at Windsor recently, and has been sent back with a vaguer answer than it hoped for.

This deputation included some fine specimens of the Swazi race—the stateliest and one of the youngest of the six being Nonganga, the leader. Nonganga is at least 6 ft. 3 in. in height, and proportionately stout. He is one of the late king's cousins, and even the English clothes which a sense of decorum compelled him to wear while among us did not spoil the dignity of his bearing. Perhaps the kindly and almost tender expression of his face when he converses with his friends is not out of harmony with the invincible courage which, according to report, he shows

of "keeper of the King's conscience," holding a position somewhat similar to that of the chancellors and remembrancers in attendance on European monarchs in the Dark Ages. With Unkonkoni came Madonsela, his young nephew; the only member of the group who does not wear a head-ring, the badge of a paterfamilias; the only one, too, who talks English. For that reason he acted as native interpreter, and in the Colonial Office interviews was able to check and supplement the work of Mr. James Stuart, the English interpreter who was attached to the deputation, but not of it. Another Englishman, or rather Natalian, Mr. George H. Hulett, is one of the delegates. He bears the credentials of the Queen-Regent, and did valuable service as adviser to his colleagues; but his position was rather embarrassing, as, on the ground that he is a British subject, the British Government refused to recognise him. The two other envoys—making up, with three attendants, a party of nine—are Umhlonitshwa and Maboni, both indunas of high rank, and the latter the guardian of the young King, Ungwane, who expects to be crowned next year, and whose royal duties are being performed in the meanwhile by his grandmother, Umbati, as Queen-Regent, with assistance from the Queen-Mother, Umbandini's widow. The deputation was, therefore, as representative and authoritative as it well could be.

H. R. FOX BOURNE.



H.I.M. THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS II. OF RUSSIA AND THE EMPRESS ALEXANDRA FEODOROVNA.

From a Photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

CHELSEA OLD CHURCH.

There is scarcely any spot in London, apart from the Abbey at Westminster, more profoundly teeming with memories than the Old Church at Chelsea. The very mention of

Chelsea suggests a hundred associations. Thomas More lived here in one age and Thomas Carlyle in another, and both men filled so large a space in the spiritual and intellectual life of their eras that they alone would make Chelsea a place of pilgrimage to all to whom "obstinate questionings" are a large part of life. The three brilliant Kingsley brothers, sons of a rector of Chelsea; Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Tobias Smollett,

and George Eliot—these are but a few names from the Valhalla of Chelsea letters. But when all is said, More and Carlyle remain the two most enduring figures. Carlyle still lives in all the traditions which linger round the now squalid house in Cheyne Row, in the monument on the Chelsea Embankment, and in many a memory of a gaunt old man who often came to look over the Thames at night during those later and lonelier years in London. Of More there are the less substantial records born of three centuries of change. "This pore howse in Chelchith," as More calls it, and which he built in 1520, has long since vanished. It stood, we are told, "on the slope a little back from the river, halfway up the King's Road, about where Beaufort Street now runs." Erasmus visited More here, and Holbein and Henry the King. It has all vanished as a dream, and the tomb in Chelsea Old Church alone remains to recall a great figure in our history.

Chelsea Old Church is indeed a marvellous storehouse of old memories. To know all that it might be to an imaginative youth and to a gifted man of letters we must read Henry Kingsley's "The Hillyars and the Burtons."

habit when I was very, very young, for I remember that "church" with me used at one time to mean the old church, and that I used to consider the attendance on the new St. Luke's, in Robert Street, more as a dissipation than an act of devotion.

My opinion always was that the monuments which were in the best taste were those of the Hillyars and of the Duchess of Northumberland. There are no inscriptions on these, with the exception of the family names. The members of the family are merely represented kneeling one behind the other, with their names—in the one case above their heads; in the other, on a brass beneath. The Dacres, with their dogs at their feet, are grand; but, on the whole, give me the Hillyars, kneeling humbly, with nothing to say for themselves. Let the Dacres carry their pride and their dogs to the grave with them if they see fit; let them take their braches, and lie down to wait for judgment. Honest John Hillyar will have no dogs, having troubles enough beside. He and his family prefer to kneel, with folded hands, until the last trump sound from the East, or until Chelsea Church crumble into dust.

I always loved that monument better than any in Chelsea Old Church. 'Tis a good example of a mural monument of that time, they say; but they have never seen it on a wild autumn afternoon, when the sun streams in on it from the south-west, lights it up for an instant, and then sends one long ray quivering up the wall to the roof, and dies.

What do they know about the monument at such a time as that? Still less do they know of the fancies that a shock-headed, stupid blacksmith's boy—two of whose brothers were poets, and whose rant he used to hear—used to build up in his dull brain about it, as he sat year after year before it, until the kneeling figures became friends to him.

For I made friends of them, in a way. They were friends of another world. I found out enough to know that they were the images of a gentleman and his family who had lived in our big house in Church Street three hundred years ago; and, sitting by habit in the same place, Sunday after Sunday, they became to me real and actual persons, who were as familiar to me as our neighbours, and yet who were dead and gone to heaven or hell three hundred years before—people who had twenty years' experience of the next world to show where I had one to show of this present life; people who had solved the great difficulty, and who could tell me all about it, if they would only turn their heads and speak. Yes, these Hillyars became real people to me, and I, in a sort of way, loved them.

I gave them names in my own head. I loved two of them. Of the female side I loved the little wee child, for whom there was very small room, and who was crowded against the pillar, kneeling on the skirts of the last of her big sisters. And I loved the big lad who knelt directly behind his father; between the knight himself and the two little brothers, dressed so very like blue-coat boys, such quaint little fellows as they were.

And again—

Joe spoke of the wonderful old church hard by, a city of the mighty dead, and their monuments, where there were innumerable dark, dim recesses, crowded by tombs and effigies. Here lay the headless trunk of Sir Thomas More—not under the noble monument erected by himself in the chancel before his death, but "neare the middle of the south wall"—indebted to a stranger for a simple slab over his remains. In this chapel, too, knelt the Duchess of Northumberland, with her five daughters, all with clasped hands, praying for the soul of their unhappy father. One of them, Joe could not tell which, must have married Arthur Pole. Here lay Lord and Lady

Dacre, with their dogs watching at their feet, under their many-coloured canopy; and last, not least, here knelt John Hillyar, Esq., father of the first baronet, with his three simple-looking sons in ruffs, opposite his wife Eleanor, with her six daughters, and her two dead babies on the cushion before her.

"Four hundred years of memory," continued Joe, "are crowded into that dark old church, and the great flood of change beats round the walls and shakes the door in vain, but never enters. The dead stand thick together there, as if to make a brave resistance to the moving world outside, which jars upon their slumber. It is a church of the dead. I cannot fancy anyone being married in that church—its air would chill the boldest bride that ever



A GLIMPSE OF THE SOUTH AISLE.

walked to the altar. No; it is a place for old people to creep into, and pray, until their prayer is answered and they sleep with the rest."

The Hillyars, of course, of the Kingsley romance are the Laurences. Laurence, who is buried here in a chapel to himself, was Lord of the Manor in the seventeenth century. The tomb is sufficiently described by Henry Kingsley. Not less striking is the memorial to Laurence's daughter, a Mrs. Colville. The sculptor has shown the tomb burst, and the figure ascending to Heaven in her grave-clothes.

The More Chapel and the Laurence Chapel are far from the sole interests of Chelsea Old Church and churchyard. The tombs of Lady Dacre, with her husband Gregory, "their dogs at their feet," are here; and Lady Jane Cheyne and the Duchess of Northumberland, mother of Elizabeth's Leicester and grandmother of Sir Philip Sidney. Here, also, is a copy of the scarce Vinegar Bible, chained to its desk: so named, one remembers, because of the misprint "Parable of the Vinegar" instead of "Parable of the Vineyard." It is dated 1717. There also is an old copy of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," with pictures of



SIR THOMAS MORE'S TOMB.

The Kingsleys are themselves no inconsiderable memory in Chelsea. The aged father of three gifted sons lived in the adjoining Rectory for many years, and thence sent those sons out into the world—Charles to be Vicar of Eversley, a Canon of Westminster, a poet, a novelist, and many things besides; George to be a doctor of medicine, a brilliant conversationalist, and a man who "might have done something"; and Henry, the youngest, to be an Australian colonist, a novelist and journalist, and the literary artist of the Chelsea of sixty years since, who, indeed, has given us in "The Hillyars and the Burtons" the prose epic of that fascinating suburb. Henry Kingsley went to that church often as a boy, and he has put into the mouth of the young blacksmith, James Burton, some of his impressions of the scene. They will well bear recording—

It is so long ago since we began to go to the old church on Sunday afternoon in winter, and in the evening in summer, that I cannot attempt to fix the date. It had grown to be a



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The churchyard is scarcely less interesting, for here lies the mother of Fletcher, the dramatist; John Cavallier, most famous of French Huguenots; Shadwell, the Poet Laureate; and Woodfall, the publisher of "Junius." Here also is the tomb of Sir Hans Sloane and his wife, and here, too, the less known Dr. Chamberlayne, of whom the

her years; for she soon after consented to marry one John Spraggs, and then died!"

But that the remains of Cavallier are here is of most moment to us, although no one can discover their resting place. The church record reads: "Burial—A.D. 1740, May 18, Brigadier John Cavallier"; and this, says Mr. Martin, "is all that is told of Jean Antoine Cavallier, the Camisard, the leader of the French Huguenots in their long, fierce fight against the cruel and lawless enforcement of Louis the Fourteenth's Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; refusing to be apostatised, expatriated, or exterminated, they became the Covenanters of France, and Cavallier—a baker's apprentice, with a genius for war, the soul of the strife, elected their leader before he was twenty—was their Black Douglas: one even more famous and more ferocious. After fire and slaughter and pillage for two years; blazing up the night, amazing the whole world and horrifying their enemies; banded like bandits in the hills of Le Puy, singly like guerrillas along the range of the Cevennes; praying, prophesying, slaying—they were in the end circled about by the Grand Monarque's soldiery under Villars, shut out from the Dutch and English aid, from escape by sea, and forced to capitulate; Cavallier was let go to Jersey, was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the island, and finally ended his stirring career peacefully in London."

An interesting memento, surely fruitful for the imagination, and, indeed, an inexhaustible subject for all lovers of old architecture and old associations. Chelsea Church is one of the memories of the past

which Londoners will least desire to see removed from their midst.*

* See "Chelsea Old Church," by the Rev. R. H. Davies, and "Old Chelsea," by Benjamin Ellis Martin, for two popular records of Chelsea Old Church.

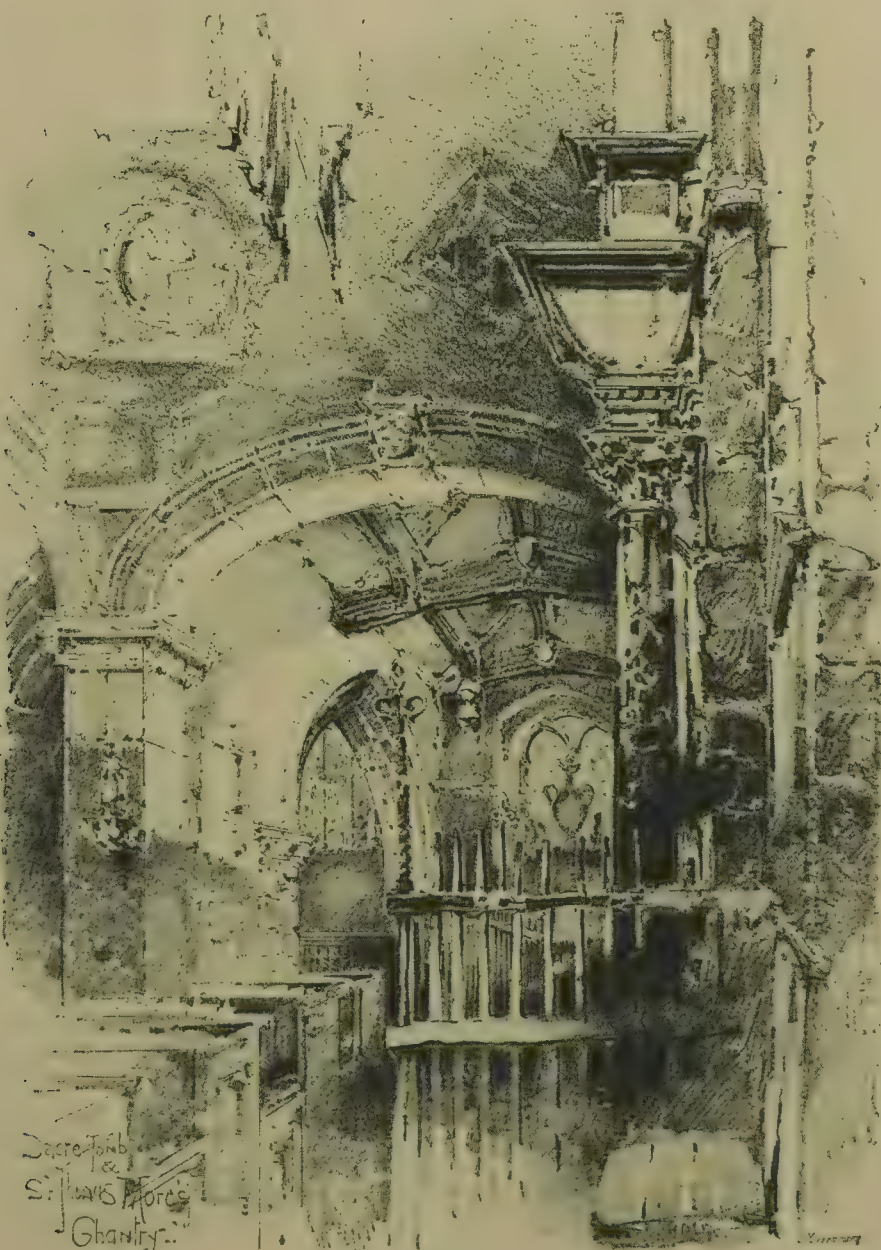


THE CHAINED BOOKS IN THE SOUTH AISLE.

daughter Anne—precursor of the New Woman of our day, "long declined wedlock, and, aspiring above her sex and age, fought under her brother with arms and manly attire, in a fire-ship against the French, on June 30, 1690: a maiden heroine!" She was but twenty-three, and "did not," the record says, "grow in courage with



CHELSEA OLD CHURCH.



THE DACRE TOMB AND SIR THOMAS MORE'S CHANTRY.



THE PULPIT AND WEST END.

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Tea Merchants to
The House of Commons.

Tea Merchants to the Principal County
Families throughout the Land.

ESSAYS BY LADY JEUNE.

Lesser Questions. By Lady Jeune. (Remington.)—Lady Jeune is by common consent an authority on London society. Many and many a paper has she contributed to the magazines concerning the ethics of the vast circle of conflicting interests and ambitions which constitute it. She is wide in her sympathies, and the "smart set" so called, though she gives it its due place in the body social, is only a circle within a circle, not the sun round which in her esteem all the rest move. She says of Lady Jersey, Lady Sandwich, Lady Granville, and Lady Ashburton that "their aristocratic prejudices were too strong to admit anyone outside the charmed circle, and many of the most distinguished men of their time lived and died unknown to them." But nowadays "Fame is a cult" and talent of any kind (but good of its kind), a passport to the best houses. Society, in search of its food of amusement, has descended on Bohemia and picks out the choicest specimens of that clan to adorn her drawing-rooms. "The easy-going manner in which women of the highest rank and culture have allowed old-fashioned rules to be relaxed" is responsible for many changes which, from Lady Jeune's carefully guarded style, it is not easy to see whether she deprecates or not. The frequent alliances of aristocracy with ready money is, says Lady Jeune, "one of the principal causes of democratisation in England," the opener of doors, the breaker of barriers, the cause of that incursion of discordant and discrepant units which makes Society seem one large variety entertainment. Indeed, the "haute noblesse in a great many cases goes to the wall." The smartest and most magnificent entertainments are not

those given by these modest survivals of what was once the most exclusive society in Europe.

Indulgent as she shows herself of the *parvenu* of talent. Lady Jeune cannot conceal her scorn for the *parvenu* of wealth. "The patronesses of Almack's must turn in their graves at the thought of the nightly spectacle of our London drawing-rooms . . . the atmosphere heavy with the perfumes of flowers, the spoils of the Riviera, the bewitching voice of the last new prima donna, brought at a fabulous price, the delicacies of the supper-room, the banquet, with its priceless wines, the temptations which the crowd of magnificently dressed and beautiful women and *blasé* men cannot resist."

Women's extravagance is severely censured. Lady Jeune has depths of disapproval for the society woman who wears all frocks "by turns, and nothing long." Country houses necessitate as many "quick changes" as a metropolitan music-hall. Four or five successive incarnations a day are *de rigueur*. As a natural consequence, no woman is able to wear out her own frocks, and the tawdriness of the lower classes may be largely attributed to this fact. A cheap gown hardly worn is given to the maid. It descends, in the sort of pilgrimage which Andersen would have described so well, until it shrouds the form of 'Liza or 'Arriet, and gives her all the trouble in the world to hold up. If it were only for the sake of the coster girl, the agitation for sensible dressing ought to be maintained. It is on her that the burden of many flapping skirts practically falls. Lady Jeune points this out, as she does many another trivial, but important consequence of modern thoughtlessness.

Lady Jeune modestly entitles her book "*Lesser*

Questions," yet several of the essays contained in it fringe and delicately uncover social crimes and sore places whose consideration and final resolving constitute anything but a lesser question. An article headed "The Woman of To-day" seems an echo of some oft-quoted verses by Coventry Patmore—

Ah, wasteful woman! she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay—
How has she cheapened Paradise!

is full of thought and presage; while that entitled "Technical Education for Women" shows Lady Jeune in the light of the earnest worker in the fields of practical improvement. The headings "Helping the Fallen" and "Saving the Innocent" show that Lady Jeune is not afraid to touch on topics of deeper import than the rise of the tea-gown, and the social oppression of the *débutante* by her married sister.

The Rev. W. H. Bolton, of Saltash, has been appointed to the important living of Penzance, vacant by the resignation of Prebendary Hedgeland.

The Middlesex Needlework Guild, of which the Duchess of Albany is president, has held its fifth annual exhibition this year, by permission of the Queen, in the Banqueting-Room at St. James's Palace. The guild was founded in 1890 for the purpose of distributing articles of warm clothing among hospitals, homes, prisons, refuges, and poor parishes in Middlesex. It has this year distributed garments to the number of 11,719, of which the Duchess contributed over three hundred.

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Fine Pearl and Golden Cornelian Bangle, £3.



Fine Diamond and Golden Cornelian Brooch, £10.

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An Inspection Invited.



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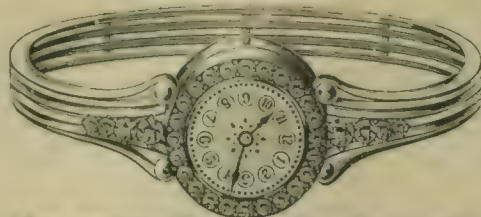


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Fine Pearl Half-hoop Ring, £7 10s. Also from £4 to £25.

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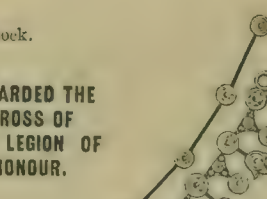
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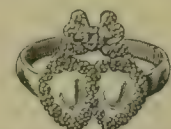
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THE LEGION OF
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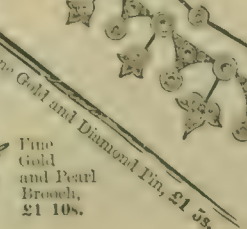
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GOODS FORWARDED
TO THE COUNTRY
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GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,
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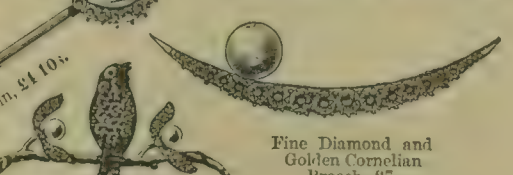
Fine Diamond and Golden Cornelian Pin, £1 10s.



Fine Pearl Bracelet, £9.



Fine Gold Flexible Curb Chain Bracelet, £3 5s.



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REGISTERED DESIGN N°183825.
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Fine Diamond and Pearl Half-hoop Bracelet, £50.
Ruby or Sapphire Clusters, same price.

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DRESS SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS.
"The most perfect fitting made."—Observer.
Gentlemen desiring shirts of the best quality should try FORD'S EUREKA, 3s., 4s., 4s. half-dozen.

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To wear with one stud, centre of front, sixteen different sizes, 14 in. to 18 in. neck, ready for use, 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.
RICHARD FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

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SHIRT Neck Flannel Shirts for Gentlemen. Patterns to select from 4s. 6d. to 11s. 6d. Three sent "carriage free" in United Kingdom.—RICHARD FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

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Ten years' warranty. Easy terms, approval, carriage free.
Cottages, 7, 9, and 11 guineas.
Class 0, 14 guineas. Class 3, 23 guineas. Class 6, 35 guineas.
Class 1, 17 guineas. Class 4, 26 guineas. Class 7, 40 guineas.
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American Organs, by all the best makers, from 41 guineas upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years if one of a higher class be taken. Illustrations and particulars post free.—T. D'ALMAINE and CO. (Est. 108 Years), 91, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. Open till 7; Saturdays, 3.

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The beach is covered with the softest sand; the Hotels are grand and numerous, with warm sea-baths; and there are comfortable villas and apartments replete with every comfort, as in some of our own places of summer resort in England.

Monte Carlo has other recreations and pastimes; it affords lawn-tennis, pigeon-shooting, fencing, and various sports, exercise, and amusements; besides the enjoyment of sunshine and pure air in the marvellously fine climate, where epidemic diseases are unknown.

Visitors coming to Monte Carlo, if it be only for one day or a few hours, find themselves in a place of enchanting beauty and manifold delight. Breakfasting or dining at one of the renowned establishments here, and meeting persons of their own maintenance, they find all the gaiety of Parisian life, while scenes of fairyland, at every turn and every glance, are presented to the eye, and winter there does not exist.

There is, perhaps, no town in the world that can compare in the beauty of its position with Monte Carlo, or in its special fascination and attractions—not only by the favoured climate and by the inviting scenery, but also by the facilities of every kind for relief in cases of illness or disease, or for the restoration of health.

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Leaving Jan. 16, Returning March 18.
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Table-Cloths, 2 yards square, 2'11" x 2'11" yards by 3 yards, 5/11 each; Kitchen Table-
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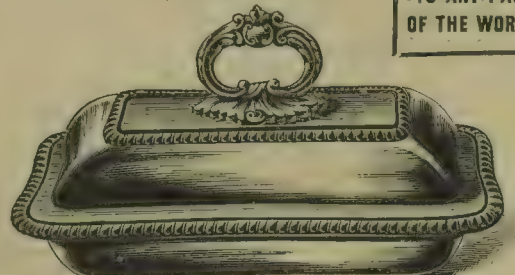
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Electro-Plate Engraved Butter-Dish, with Glass Lining,
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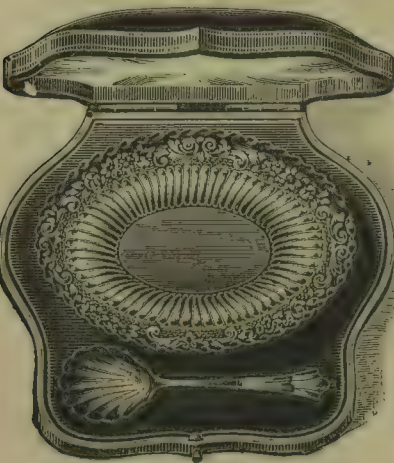
Case containing one pair Solid Silver Butter-Knives, 21s.



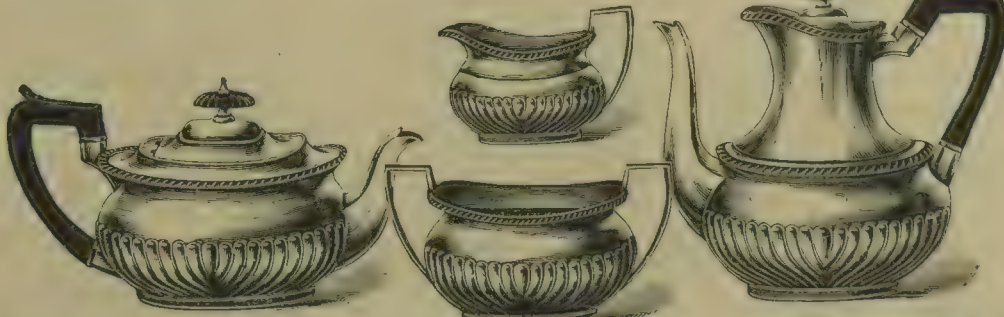
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"GEORGIAN" TEA AND COFFEE SERVICE.			
Full size, "Queen's" Plate.			
Tea-Pot	£4 17 0	Complete	£14 14 0
Coffee-Pot	5 2 0		
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Massive Solid Silver.			
Tea-Pot	£10 0 0	Complete	£31 0 0
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

Probate duty has been paid on £67,770 14s. 9d. as the net value of the personal estate of the Most Honourable Thomas, Marquis of Headfort, who died on July 22 last, and whose will has been proved by the executors, the Earl of Erne, Mr. Francis John Thynne, and Major Somerset Henry Maxwell. After giving certain specific and pecuniary legacies and annuities to members of his family, the testator leaves the residue of his property to his son, the present Marquis of Headfort.

The will (dated June 8, 1888), with four codicils (dated Feb. 18 and 25, 1892, and June 1 and Dec. 19, 1893), of Mr. Samuel Solomon Joseph, of 29, Hyde Park Gardens, who died on Sept. 27, was proved on Nov. 19 by Mrs. Emma Joseph, the widow, Nathan Solomon Joseph and George Solomon Joseph, the brothers, Samuel Heilbut and Ernest George Mocatta, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £382,000. The testator bequeaths £200 to the Jews' Orphan Asylum and Hospital, Lower Norwood; the Burlington book plates, which he had ordered from Sherborne, to be given in the name of his wife to the Burlington Club; £1000, and all his plate, pictures (including the picture for which he had given a commission to his friend Mr. William Q. Orchardson, R.A.), books, furniture and effects, horses and carriages to his wife; his residence, with the stabling, and the income of

£150,000 to his wife for life; and many legacies to relatives, friends, and others. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his children equally.

The will (dated Oct. 10, 1893), with a codicil (dated Nov. 25 following), of Mrs. Anne Lindsay, formerly of 11, Grosvenor Square, and late of Ardington House, Wantage, Berks, who died on Aug. 10, was proved on Oct. 26 by Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart., the son, and William Trotter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £37,000. The testatrix bequeaths £7000 (subject to the payment thereof of an annuity of £70 to her housekeeper) to her daughter the Dowager Countess of Crawford and Balcarres; £9000 to her daughter Mrs. Mary Ann Holford; £20,000 upon trust for her son Sir Coutts Lindsay, for life, and then as to one moiety thereof for each of her said daughters; and there are some specific bequests to her said children and to her son Lord Wantage, and her daughter-in-law, Lady Wantage. She also bequeaths £1500 each to her two butlers and to her maid. The residue of her estate she gives to her daughters, the Dowager Countess of Crawford and Balcarres and Mrs. Holford, equally.

The will (dated June 29, 1892) of Mrs. Mary Ann George, of 64, Tisbury Road, Hove, Sussex, who died on Sept. 27, was proved on Nov. 14 by the Rev. Thomas Firminger Thiselton Dyer and Frederick Willis Farrer,

the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £28,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 each to the Sussex County Hospital and the Brighton and Hove Dispensary, and other legacies. The residue of her personal estate she leaves to the London Orphan Asylum, Watford, and the British Home for Incurables in equal shares.

The will (dated July 9, 1882) of Mr. Thomas Charles Bunbury, of Pembroke House, Milbrook Road, Southampton, who died on July 22, was proved on Nov. 15 by Hamilton Joseph Bunbury, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £23,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society (Charing Cross) and the Soldiers' Daughters' Home (Hampstead); and considerable other legacies. The residue of his property he gives to his cousin, Captain Philip Bunbury; but Captain Bunbury having died since the testator, the said residue passes under his will.

The will (dated July 10, 1872) of Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel Watson Fenning, formerly of the Bengal Artillery, late of 28, New Steine, Brighton, who died on July 9, was proved on Nov. 15 by Herbert Samuel Fenning, the nephew and surviving executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £25,000. The testator bequeaths £50 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Church Missionary Society, the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, and the Church of England

"The Oldest, AND Purest, AND Best."

JOHN ROBERTSON & SON'S Dundee Whisky

J.R.D. J.R.D.
EXTRA QUALITY.

"The Choicest Product of Scotland."

It is the Finest and Mellowest Scotch Whisky that can be procured, and is always Consistent in Quality.

SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD. AT ALL BARS.
BY ALL WINE MERCHANTS. AT ALL STORES.

London Offices: 4, Gt. Tower St., E.C.

SUPPLIED UNDER
ROYAL WARRANT



TO HER MAJESTY
THE QUEEN.

"Honest Water which ne'er left man i' the mire."—SHAKSPERE.
(*Timon of Athens.*)

"Johannis"

THE KING OF NATURAL TABLE WATERS.

Charged entirely with its own Natural Gas.

PROMOTES APPETITE. ASSISTS DIGESTION. PROLONGS LIFE.

The GAS consists, it is evident, of practically pure CO₂, viz., 99'98 per cent.

"So enormous, in fact, is the quantity of gas evolved from the Spring that a considerable proportion of it is pumped under pressure into steel cylinders or 'tubes' which are made to contain liquid carbonic acid equal to many hundred gallons of gas, and actually sold to the proprietors of springs which are less favoured by nature as regards the yield of gas."—*The Lancet.*

The resources of the "JOHANNIS" Spring are more than sufficient to yield 80,000,000 BOTTLES PER ANNUM of Water charged entirely with its own Carbonic Acid Gas, absolutely pure and natural.

CAUTION.—If you drink a natural mineral water, obtain a guarantee that it is bottled with its own natural gas, as the purity of the gas is an important element in the healthful action of the water. The Proprietors of "Johannis" Water, who own the freehold of the springs, CAN GIVE THIS GUARANTEE.

To be obtained from all Chemists, Wine Merchants, and Stores at the following prices, per dozen delivered:

	Bottles.	½-Bottles.	¾-Bottles.		Bottles.	½-Bottles.	¾-Bottles.
London	6/-	4/6	3/6	Country	6/6	5/-	3/9

And of all W. & A. Gilbey's Agents throughout the Kingdom.

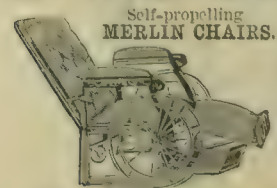
Agents for Lancashire, North Wales, and Isle of Man "Johannis" Stores:
46, HANOVER STREET, LIVERPOOL.

SPRINGS: ZOLLHAUS, GERMANY.

"The silver Spring where England drinks."—SHAKSPERE.—*Henry VI., Part II., Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Proprietors: THE JOHANNIS CO., Ltd., 25, REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.

LEVESON'S INVALID CHAIRS & CARRIAGES.

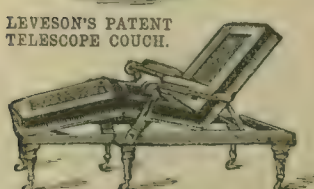


Self-propelling MERLIN CHAIRS.

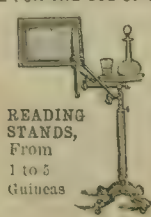
INVALIDS' COMMODE CHAIRS, SPINAL COUCHES AND CARRIAGES, BED-RESTS, LEG-RESTS, CRUTCHES, RECLINING CHAIRS, BED-TABLES, AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF FURNITURE FOR THE USE OF INVALIDS.



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LEVESON'S PATENT TELESCOPE COUCH.



READING STANDS, From 1 to 5 Guineas.



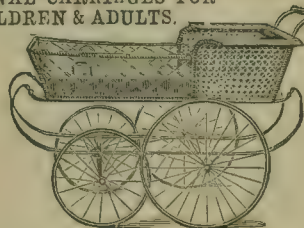
LEVESON'S ADJUSTABLE LOUNGE. The Leg-REST slides under the seat. Neatly Cased. Price 2 Guineas.



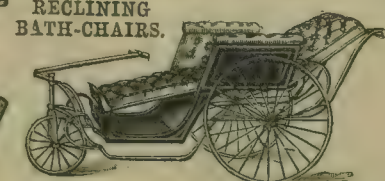
ILKLEY COUCHES, from 3½ Guineas.

LEVESON & SONS, Estab. 1849.
90 & 92, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.
21, PARKSIDE, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.
30, HIGH STREET, KENSINGTON, LONDON, W.
35, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER.
9, ALBION STREET, LEEDS.
89, BOLD STREET, LIVERPOOL.

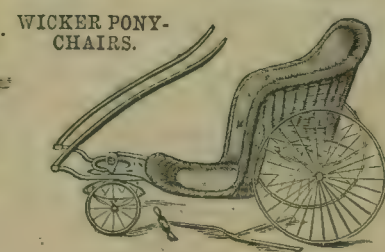
SPINAL CARRIAGES FOR CHILDREN & ADULTS.



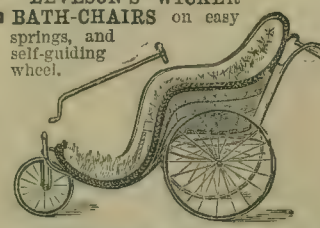
RECLINING BATH-CHAIRS.



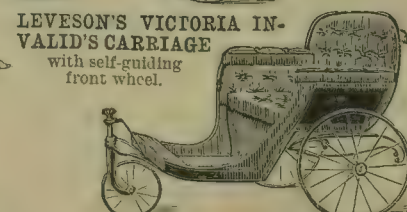
WICKER PONY-CHAIRS.



LEVESON'S WICKER BATH-CHAIRS on easy springs, and self-guiding wheel.



LEVESON'S VICTORIA INVALID'S CARRIAGE with self-guiding front wheel.



BATH-CHAIRS, WITH HOOD AND WINDOW.



LEVESON'S PERAMBULATORS.

NEW DESIGNS for 1894, ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE. "THE PARISIAN," On Cee Springs.



THE "CANOE" on Cee Springs. In White or Light Tan Colour.



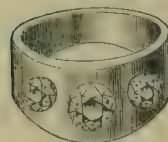
THE FAULKNER DIAMOND

FAULKNER'S "ORIENT" PEARLS.

XMAS GIFTS



Gold, 21s.



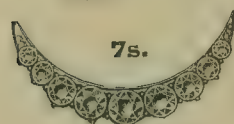
Gold, 25s.



Gold, 21s.



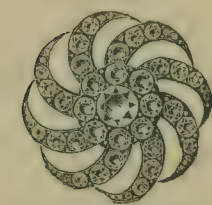
45s.



Larger, 12s., 16s.



Diamond Swing Earrings, in Solid 18-carat Gold, 21s. Owers at 10s. to 15s., with Wires or Screws.



Wheel of Fortune Brooch, 25s. Smaller, 21s. Also as Buttons, same prices.



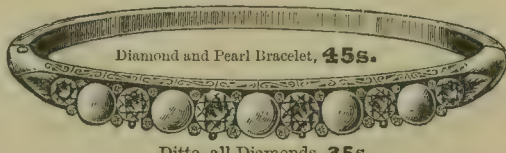
21s.

Faulkner's "Orient" Pearl Necklets, with handsome Diamond Cluster Snap (as above Illustration), exhibited in South Kensington Museum. The only Pearls awarded Gold Medal. Extra quality Pearls, 30s., 40s., and 50s. Any size Pearl may be had, same prices.

21s.



Diamond Snake Brooch, 25s.



Diamond and Pearl Bracelet, 45s.

Ditto, all Diamonds, 35s.



Diamond Arrow Brooch, 25s. Smaller from 7s.

A. FAULKNER,
Manufacturing Jeweller,

KIMBERLEY HOUSE,

98, THE QUADRANT, REGENT ST., W.



Gold, 21s.



Diamonds and Gold, 25s.



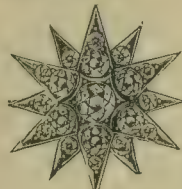
Gold, 35s.



Gold, 7s. 6d.



Brooch, 10s. 6d.



Diamond Star, 15s.



Pin and Stud, 17s.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL



For 100 years unsurpassed as the best and safest preserver of the hair, and is far preferable to other hair-restorers, which are really progressive dyes, and deposit a sediment on the scalp which fills up the pores; it preserves and

BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR,

arrests baldness, removes scurf, and is the best Brilliantine for the whiskers and moustaches. Also sold in a

GOLDEN COLOUR

for fair-haired ladies and children.

DON'T BE DECEIVED; don't think the hair can be preserved without using proper nourishment; all scientists assert that pure oil is necessary for preserving the hair, and Rowland's Macassar Oil is absolutely the best nourisher and strengthener one can use.

BOTTLES—

3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d. (equal to 4 small).

ROWLANDS' ODONTO

An Antiseptic, Preservative, and Aromatic Dentifrice, which Prevents and Arrests Decay.

IT WHITENS THE TEETH.

All dentists will allow that neither washes nor pastes can possibly be as efficacious for polishing the teeth and keeping them sound and white as a pure and non-gritty tooth-powder; such Rowlands' Odonto has always proved itself to be. Ask for Rowlands' Odonto, 20 Hatton Garden, London. 2s. 9d.

Avoid cheap spurious Odontos, which scratch and ruin the Enamel.

OETZMANN & CO.,

HAMPSTEAD ROAD, W.

(Near Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station).

USEFUL AND DECORATIVE NOVELTIES.

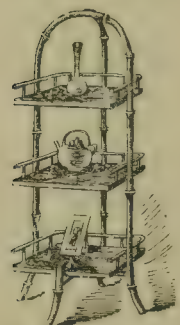
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ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST POST FREE.

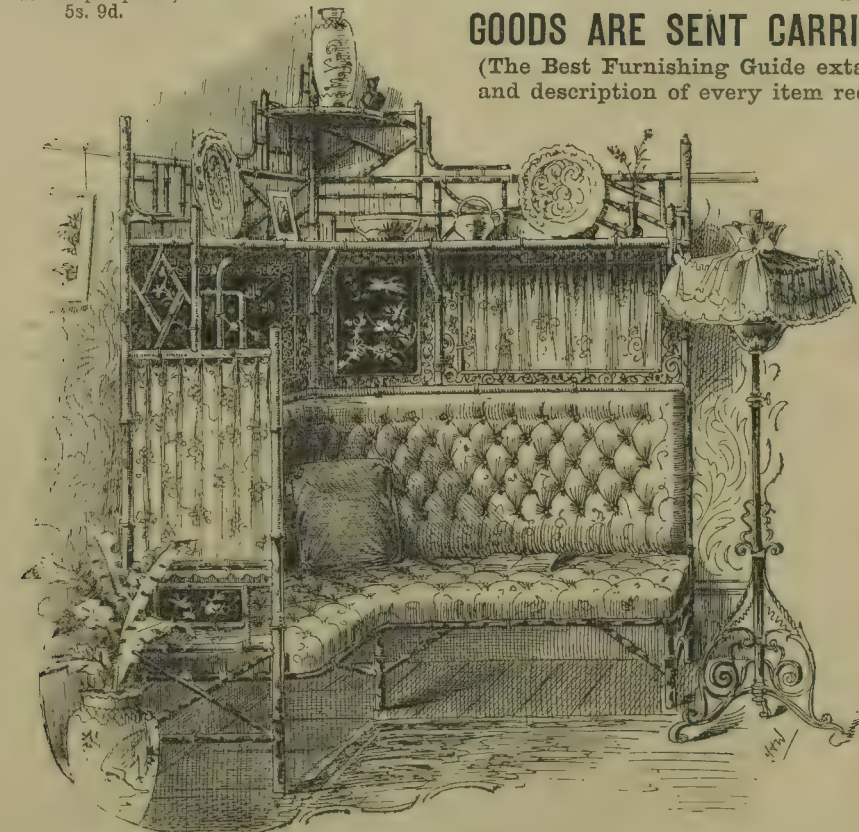
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GOODS ARE SENT CARRIAGE PAID, PLEASE SEE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

(The Best Furnishing Guide extant, containing 642 pages and over 2000 Illustrations, with price and description of every item required in Complete House Furnishing), GRATIS and POST FREE.



BAMBOO 3 TRAY CAKE STAND, with lacquer panels, 5s. 9d.



HANDSOME COSY CORNER, of Natural or Tortoiseshell Bamboo, with panels of best Japanese lacquer, and complete with cushions of cretonne. Size, 4ft. by 2ft. 8in. outside measure, about 6ft. 6in. high. The end shown with curtain can be had either at the end of the long or short side. When ordering please state which is preferred. Complete, £5 15s.

OETZMANN'S "GUINEA" STANDARD LAMP AND SHADE, in Beaten Iron and Copper, rising to 7 ft., with best Duplex Extinguisher Burner, and 18 in. Lace Shade and Holder, complete, 21s.



HANDSOME INLAID ROSEWOOD DRAWING-ROOM CABINET, with Bevelled Edge Plates and Shelves for China, enclosed centre, 4 ft. wide, £5 10s.



CARVED ANTIQUE OAK SPINNING CHAIR, 7s. 9d.



HANDSOME INLAID ROSEWOOD OVERMANTEL, with 7 bevelled plates, &c., 4 ft. wide by 4 ft. high, 48s. 6d.



INLAID OR CARVED SETTEE, Upholstered and covered with Rich Silk, £3 17s. 6d.

Scripture Readers' Society; £25 each to the Colonial and Continental Church Society, the Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics, the London City Mission, the London Association in aid of the Missions of the United Brethren, the Soldiers' Friend and Army Scripture Readers' Society, the Working Men's Christian Association, and the Middlesex Hospital; and many legacies to relatives, some of considerable amount, godchildren, and friends. The residue of his property he gives to his sister, Sophia Anne Fenning, and the children of his late brother, William Wood Fenning.

The will (dated Oct. 21, 1893) of Sir Sanford Freeling, K.C.M.G., of 10, Neville Street, Onslow Gardens, who died on Sept. 30, was proved on Nov. 20 by Sir Arthur Reginald Thomas Willshire, Bart., and William Henry Crowder, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £16,000. The testator confirms the settlement made on his marriage, and declares that the provision now made for his wife and issue is in addition to that made for them by the settlement. He bequeaths all his plate, pictures, furniture, books, articles of household or personal use and ornament, wines, consumable stores, and effects to his wife, Dame Frederica Selina Freeling;

£100 to his brother, Hugh Melvil Freeling; and £50 each to his executor, Mr. Crowder, and Ernest Bryans. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay, during the life of his wife, the income to his wife and his children, Clayton Pennington Freeling, Agnes Lucy Nicol, Ethel Agatha Kentish, and Dame Frederica Florence Emily Willshire; and on the death of his wife to pay an annuity of £60 to his said son. The ultimate residue he gives to his said three daughters in equal shares.

The will (dated June 25, 1894) of Mrs. Ann Louisa Bowerbank, of 20, Argyll Road, Castle Hill, Ealing, who died on Sept. 21, was proved on Nov. 7 by Alexander Turnbull and Edward Henry Pantom, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £15,000. The testatrix bequeaths £400 to the Bishop of Jamaica and the Diocesan Council for the time being, to be applied at their discretion for the work of the Church in Jamaica; £100 to the Ladies' Self-Help Association, Kingston, Jamaica; £40 each to the rectors of St. Andrew's parish church, Halfway District, Kingston parish church, and the Catholic Cathedral Church of St. Catherine's, Spanish Town, Jamaica, for the repairs of the fabrics of their

respective churches; £5200 to Caroline Louisa Dignum, £3100 to Ella Ann Campbell; and numerous other legacies. The residue of her property she gives to the said C. L. Dignum and E. A. Campbell in equal shares.

An interesting scene took place on Nov. 22 at the Tower of London. Seven hundred boys, Post-office telegraph messengers, in their winter great-coats and gaiters, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel J. P. MacGregor, were inspected by the Right Hon. Arnold Morley, the Postmaster-General, with the other chief officials of that establishment. They performed drill, and marched past to the music of their massed bands.

Some of the neatest and nicest office calendars we have seen are those published by Messrs. De La Rue and Co. In black and gold frames there are arranged cards with the dates of each month, and, besides affording immediate information, they are quite decorative. The "Portable Diary," edited by Mr. Godward, is fitted into a delightful flexible cover of smooth leather, and so is the "Indelible Diary"; both books can be recommended. A calendar useful to sportsmen is that giving the racing fixtures for 1895.

In Use all over the Globe.

THE BEST. THE SAFEST. THE OLDEST PATENT MEDICINE.

Free from
Mercury.

Of Vegetable
Drugs.

COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS

FOR
BILE,
LIVER,
HEADACHE,
HEARTBURN,
INDIGESTION,
ETC.

A RIDE TO KHIVA.

By Capt. Fred. Burnaby, R.H.C.

"Two pairs of boots lined with fur were also taken; and for physic—with which it is as well to be supplied when travelling in out-of-the-way places—some Quinine and Cockle's Pills, the latter a most invaluable medicine, and one which I have used on the natives of Central Africa with the greatest possible success. In fact, the marvellous effects produced upon the mind and body of an Arab Sheikh, who was impervious to all native medicines when I administered to him five

COCKLE'S PILLS,

will never fade from my memory; and a friend of mine who passed through the same district many months after wards, informed me that my fame as a 'medicine man' had not died out."

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH

SCRUBB'S Cloudy AMMONIA MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Invigorating in Hot Climates.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

1s. Bottle for six to ten Baths.

Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

SCRUBB & CO., 32b Southwark Street, London, S.E.
MANUFACTURERS OF SCRUBB'S ANTISEPTIC SKIN SOAP.

THE BURGLAR'S HORROR.

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS.

"PYRAMIDS."

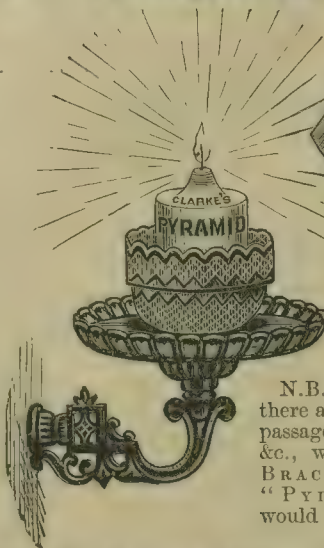
To burn 9 hours,
8 in a box,
8½d. per box.

To burn 9 hours,
6 in a box,
6½d. per box.

To burn 6 hours,
12 in a box,
9d. per box.

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6 in a box,
5d. per box.

SOLD BY ALL
GROCCERS
AND
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"FAIRY LIGHTS."

To burn 10 hours,
6 in a box,
1s. per box.

To burn 6 hours,
10 in a box,
1s. per box.

N.B.—In every house there are dark corners, passages, landings, &c. &c., where a small BRACKET to hold a "PYRAMID" LAMP would be very useful.

Artistic Bronze, No. 103 Bracket, 6d. No. 1890 Lamp, 4d.
CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" & "FAIRY" LIGHT COMPANY, LTD.,
Cricklewood, London, N.W., where all Letters should be addressed.

In Silver Cases,

£15



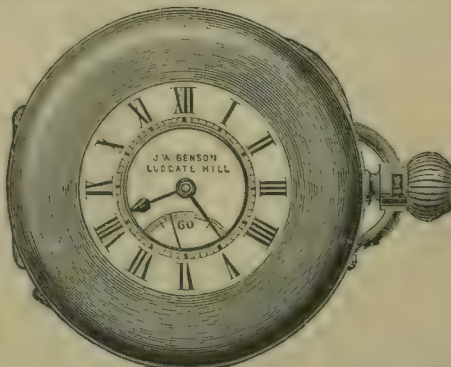
BENSON'S "FIELD" WATCH.

Specially recommended for use at Home, in India or the Colonies, and for Hunting or Rough Wear,
OBTAINED GOLD MEDALS, BEING HIGHEST AWARDS, AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.
KEYLESS ENGLISH LEVER HALF-CHRONOMETER.

In Silver Cases,

£15

Best London make, Breguet sprung, and adjusted to prevent variation when used during Hunting, Shooting, or Yachting; highly finished half-chronometer movement with detached Lever escapement, fully jewelled and true chronometer balance. Made in Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass Massive 18-ct. Gold Cases, £25; or in Silver Cases, £15; also made in a Special Size for Ladies, 18-ct. Gold £20 Silver, £10.



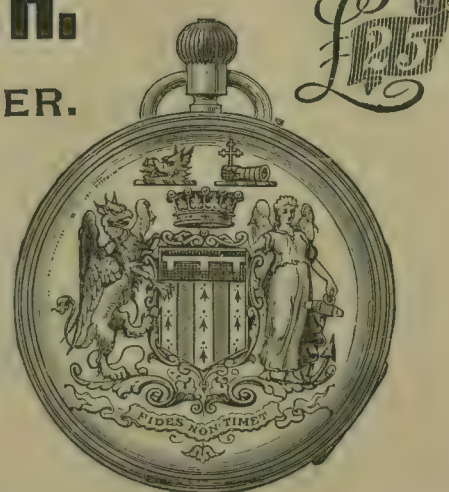
In 18-ct. Gold Cases,

£25

The Best and Cheapest High-Quality Watch at the Lowest Price.

To officers proceeding on foreign service, residents in India or the Colonies, and to travellers generally, this watch is strongly recommended as a really strong, accurate, and durable time-keeper.

HUNDREDS OF TESTIMONIALS from wearers in all parts of the World. Monograms and Crests extra.



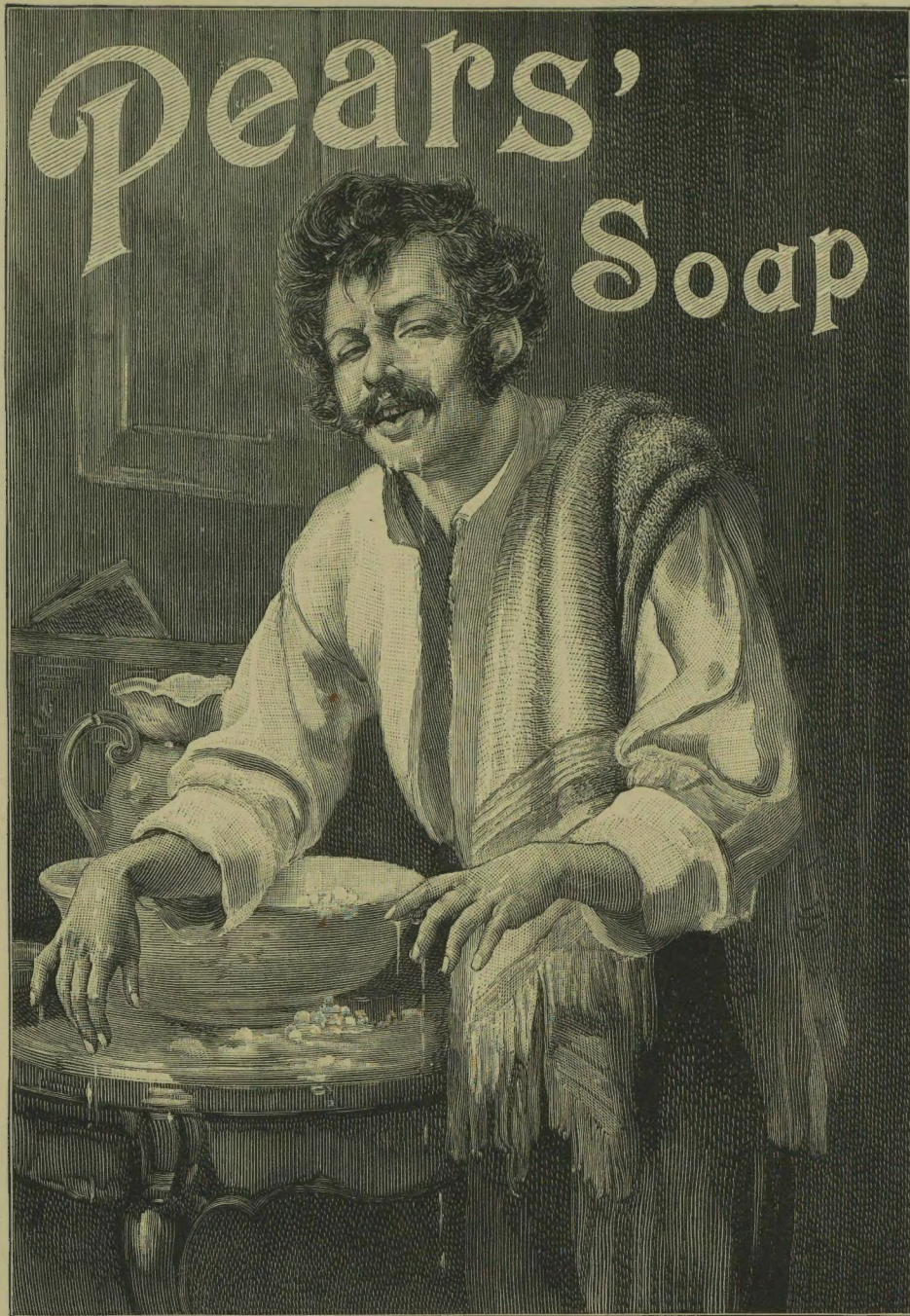
In 18-ct. Gold Cases,

£25

The Hunting Editor of the Field ("Arundel") says: "I have used the watch for four months, and have carried it hunting sometimes five days a week, and never less than three. For most weeks I have had one day, sometimes two, with bounds on foot; and with this strong test I have found it an accurate timekeeper. I recommend Messrs. Benson's hunting watch as one that can be depended on."—Field, March 22, 1884.
The Hunting Editor of Land and Water says: "After having the watch a few weeks in my possession, I pronounced it far and away the most satisfactory timekeeper I ever possessed. I have no hesitation in saying I not only believe in the capability of Messrs. Benson's 'Field' Watch to resist sudden changes of temperature, but in its powers to resist hard knocks and yet keep good time."—Land and Water, April 7, 1894.

ILLUSTRATED BOOK, containing Illustrations, &c., of Watches from £2 2s. to £500. Jewellery, Clocks, and Plate. Post Free on application to

J. W. BENSON (Watchmaker to H.M. THE QUEEN), STEAM FACTORY, 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.; And at 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C., And 25, OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.
SELECTIONS OF GOODS SENT TO THE COUNTRY ON RECEIPT OF REFERENCES.



Where's that towel?

EPPS'S COCOAINÉ.

COCOA-NIB EXTRACT.
(Tea-like).

The choicest-roasted nibs (broken-up beans) of the natural Cocoa on being subjected to powerful hydraulic pressure, give forth their excess of oil, leaving for use a finely flavoured powder—"Cocoaine," a product which, when prepared with boiling water, has the consistence of tea, of which it is now beneficially taking the place with many. Its active principle being a gentle nerve-stimulant, supplies the needed energy without unduly exciting the system.

Sold in packets and tins, labelled:
JAMES EPPS and Co., Ltd.,
HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS, LONDON.

LLOYD'S IN TUBES, 1s. 6d. and 3s. each.

THE ORIGINAL EUXESIS FOR EASY SHAVING,

Without the use of Soap, Water, or Brush.
The Label of the Original and Genuine Euxesis is printed with Black Ink ONLY on a Yellow Ground.

R. HOVENDEN and SONS, the Proprietors, bought the business, with the receipt, trade-mark, and goodwill, from the executrix of the late A. S. Lloyd. The genuine is now manufactured only at their Factory.

From all Chemists, Hairdressers, &c.
Wholesale: R. HOVENDEN and SONS,
BERNERS ST., W., and CITY ROAD, E.C., LONDON.



JOY'S CIGARETTES afford immediate relief in cases of **ASTHMA, WHEEZING, AND WINTER COUGH,** and a little perseverance will effect a permanent cure. Universally recommended by the most eminent physicians and medical authors. Agreeable to use, certain in their effects, and harmless in their action, they may be safely smoked by ladies and children.

All Chemists and Stores, box of 35, 2s. 6d., or post free from WILCOX & Co., 239, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

Highest Award at Chicago, 1893
"Lanoline"

Toilet "Lanoline".....6^d & 1/
"Lanoline" Soap.....6^d & 1/
"Lanoline" Pomade.....1/6.
& Cold Cream.

"Once tried
always used"

Should be used in every household, as nothing is better for the complexion
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. WHOLESALE DEPOT: 67, HOLBORN VIADUCT.

Pears' Soap



He won't be happy till he gets it!



It is specially recommended for Infants and Children, because it is perfectly pure, and does not irritate their delicate sensitive skin nor make their little eyes smart. It lasts so long that

It is certainly the Cheapest as well as the Best Toilet Soap

It makes Children feel comfortable, and hence happy after their bath, and by its use the natural softness and brightness of their complexions are improved and preserved. The great Authority on the Skin,

SIR ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S.,

Late President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England,
calls it a "BALM FOR THE SKIN," and strongly recommends its use for the complexion.

GRAND BAZAAR.

Toys, Games, Dolls, Books, and
Fancy Goods of all kinds suitable
for Presents. Illustrated
Catalogue post free.

PETER ROBINSON, OXFORD ST.

"EXCELLENT—OF GREAT VALUE." *Lancet*, June 15, 1889.

**Peptonized
COCOA
& Milk**

[PATENT]

SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON.

*Most Delicious, Nutritious &
requiring no digestive effort.*

TINS 2/6. Half-Tins (Samples, 1/6.

OBITUARY.

THE GRAND DUKE OF SAXE-WEIMAR.

Charles Augustus, Hereditary Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, died at Cap St. Martin on Nov. 20. He was born in 1844. He married, in 1873, Princess Pauline of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, by whom he had two sons, who survive him. He held the rank of General of Cavalry in the Prussian and Saxon armies, and was a Lieutenant-General in the Russian army, as well as Knight of the Prussian Order of the Black Eagle.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Very Rev. George Hutchison, M.A., D.D., a distinguished graduate of the University of Aberdeen, and an ex-Moderator of General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. He had been an ordained clergyman of the Church of Scotland for nearly fifty years, during forty-eight of which he was parish minister of Banchory-Ternan, Kincardineshire.

The Rev. R. H. Lovell, a London Congregational minister, who was held in high repute in many parts of the country, on Nov. 22, aged fifty-six.

Mr. Hilary Skinner, who had acted as war correspondent for the *Daily News*, and contested South Paddington in

1885 and the Strand in 1886 unsuccessfully as a Liberal, on Nov. 20, in Algeria.

M. Victor Duruy, French historian and member of the Academy, recently, aged eighty-three.

General Thaddeus Mott, who, after serving with distinction in the American army, became, in 1869, Major-General in the Egyptian army, and, later, went to Turkey, on Nov. 23, aged sixty-three.

Judge Stephen, of the Lincoln County Court, on Nov. 25, aged seventy-four. He edited various legal works, and formerly was Professor of English Law and Jurisprudence at King's College, London.

Harriet Lydia, Dowager Countess of Portarlington, widow of the fourth Earl of Portarlington, on Nov. 23, aged sixty-five.

The Ven. John Ribton Gore, Archdeacon of Achonry, on Nov. 20, aged seventy-four. The deceased Archdeacon was the youngest son of the late Hon. and Very Rev. George Gore.

Mr. William T. Walters, recently, aged seventy-four. He was a distinguished American connoisseur in the fine arts and a considerable benefactor to the city of Baltimore.

Mr. R. D. Mason, C.B., retired Inspector-General of Hospitals and Fleets, on Nov. 23, aged eighty. He was

wounded at the siege of Sebastopol. He was granted, in 1887, a Government pension.

Dr. Albert Napper, recently, the early promoter of the cottage-hospital system. He was greatly respected and esteemed in the county of Surrey for his public services.

Mr. Henry Yool, chairman of the Surrey Quarter Sessions and of the Finance Committee of the Surrey County Council, on Nov. 26. He placed at the disposal of the county his time and talent for many years.

The Countess of Bradford, whose golden wedding was celebrated not long ago, on Nov. 25, aged seventy-five.

Lady Eleanor Cecily Clifton, daughter of the third Earl of Lonsdale, recently, aged seventy-two.

Mr. William Sutton Gover, founder and managing director of the British Equitable Assurance Company, on Nov. 24. He joined the Court of Common Council in 1867, and was elected a Deputy in 1891.

The Rev. William Cooke, eldest member of the Greater Chapter of Chester Cathedral, on Nov. 23.

The Rev. Dr. Solomon Caesar Malan, D.D., on Nov. 25, aged eighty-two.

Mr. William Carr Crofts, author of "Municipal Socialism" and other works, on Nov. 26, aged forty-eight.

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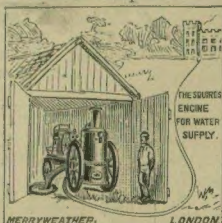
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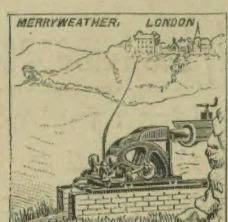
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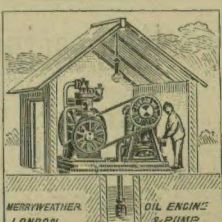
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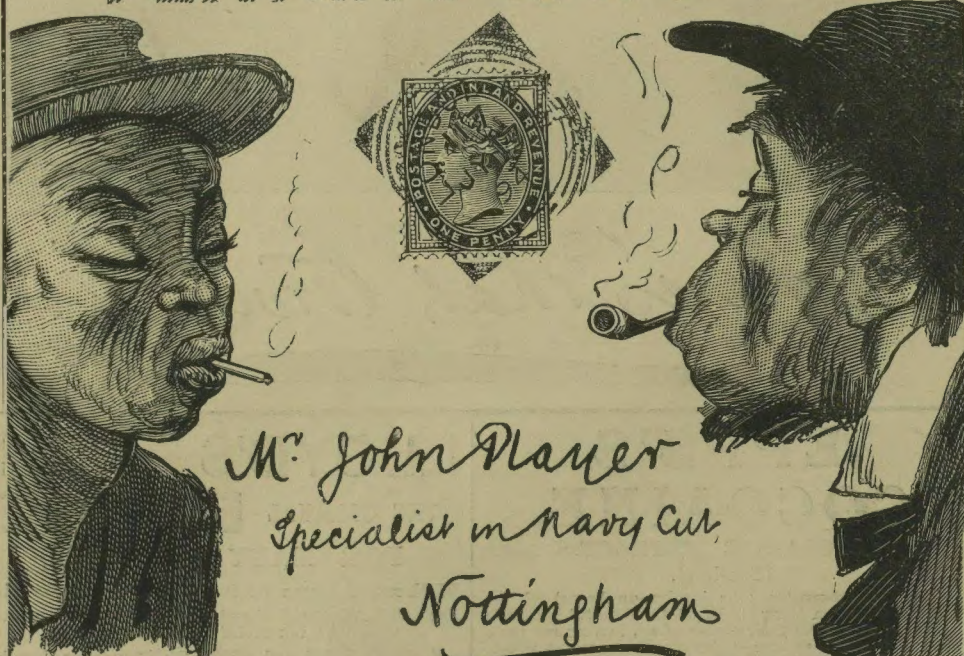
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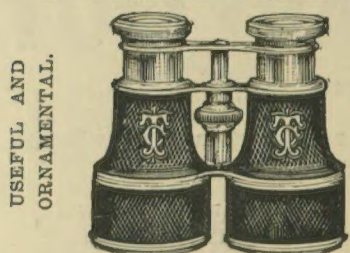
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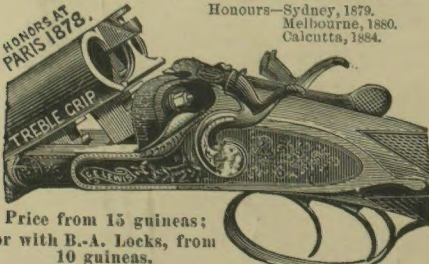
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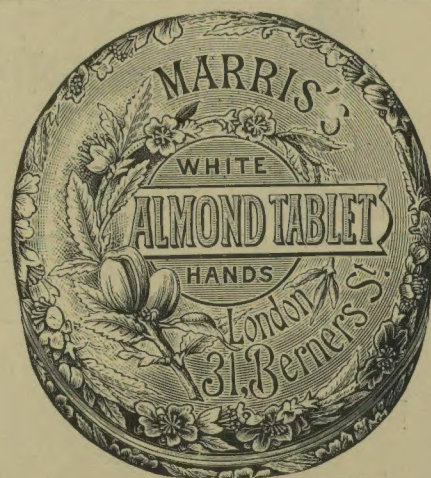
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